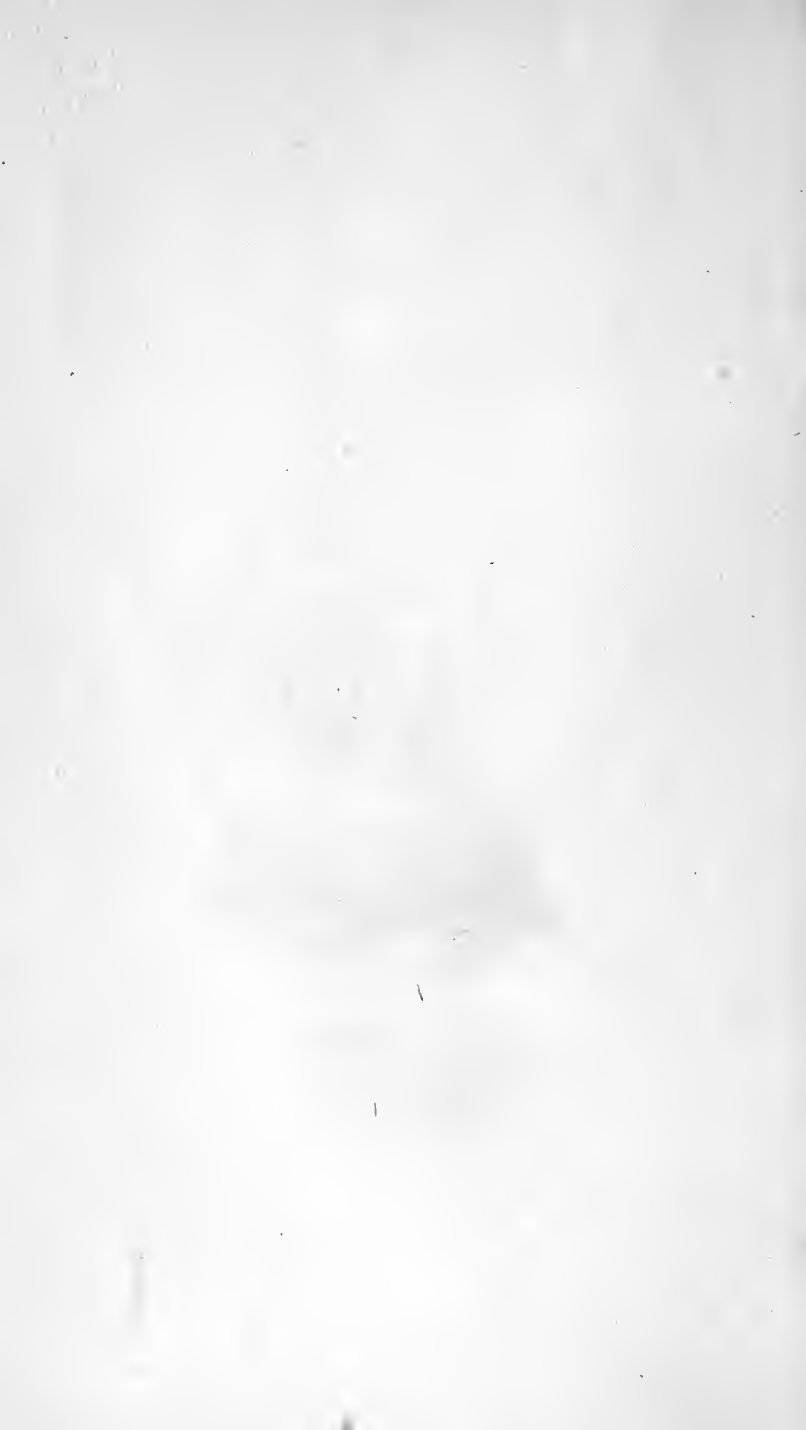


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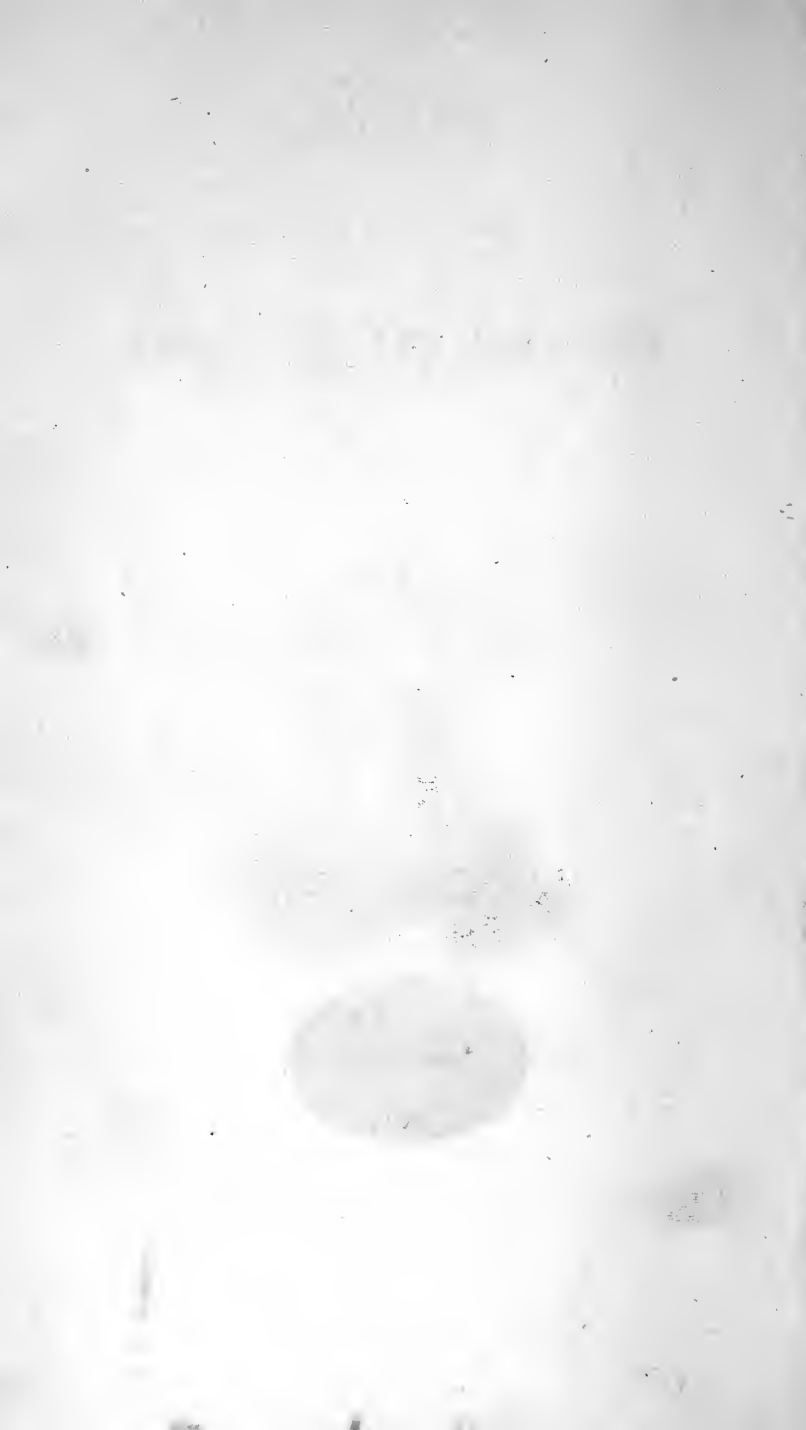


P O E M S

E. W. Cullen



PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.



POEMS,

cat. 35

National and Patriotic.

BY

George Washington
G. W. CUTTER.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils—
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.— SHAKESPEARE.



PHILADELPHIA :
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

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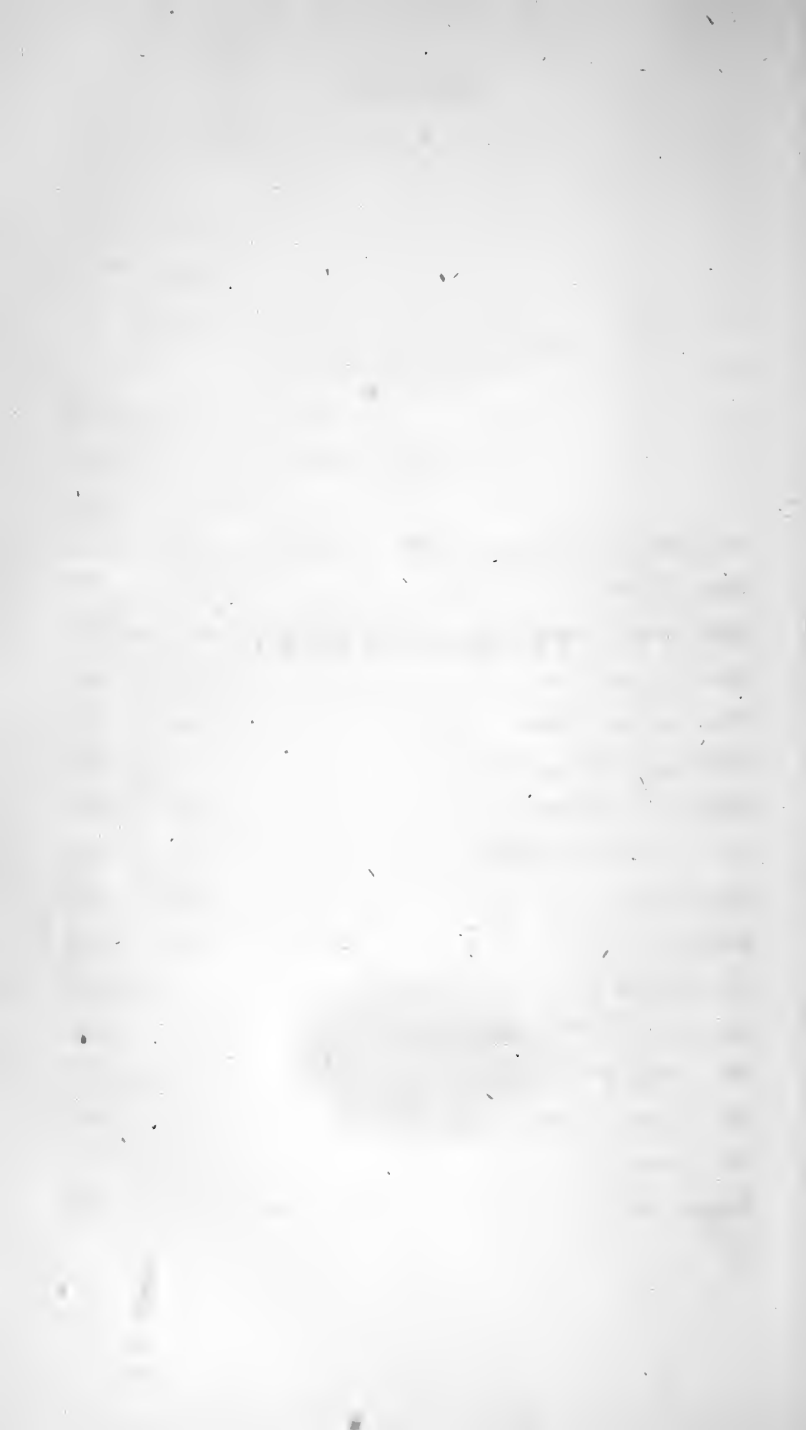
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TO

The American People.

(iii)



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P R E F A C E .

GENTLE READER: It is with no ordinary solicitude, that I put these songs and poems in the hands of the public, thus placing them, with all their rudeness and imperfections, for ever beyond my recall; and that too in this practical age, when the world is absorbed in its great schemes of utility, politics, and finance—in fashion, discovery and war: yet believing that Poetry has a mission to fulfill upon the earth, even amidst the strife and bustle of modern civilization, though conscious of the poverty of my own efforts in the cause of the Muses, I cannot let the occasion pass without a word or two in favor of the “Divine Art.”

“Poetry,” says Mr. Maunder, in his *Scientific and Literary Treasury*, “in its ordinary acceptation, is the art of expressing sentiments in measured language, according to certain rules of harmony and taste.

“It is divided into blank verse and rhyme, and denominated according to its subject: as Pastoral, for rural objects; Elegiac, for plaintive pieces; Lyrical, or ballad; Didactic, or instructive; Satirical, or humorous; and Dramatic, or conversational.

“But, agreeably with the extensive signification of its Greek original (*I create*), Poetry assuredly includes every

1 1

effusion, every creation of the mind, whether expressed by the pen, the pencil, or the reed.

“In all cases, poetry has the same general character, that of an appeal to the passions of its hearer, and to win him over to the conceptions of the poet, whether those conceptions be just or otherwise.

“The rules of poetry and versifying are taught by art, and may be acquired by study; but this force and elevation of thought, which Horace calls something divine, and which alone makes poetry of any value, must be from nature.”

Here then, we are taught that versifying, painting, and music, are all three properly comprehended under the common and general term Poetry, and that though the rules by which poetry is governed are taught by art, and may be acquired by study, yet that something, which alone makes poetry of any value, can only be acquired from nature.

Whatever may be said to the contrary of painting, I may here assert, without any fear of successful contradiction, that music and poetry, at least, are one and the same, and can no more be separated, and still exist to our senses, than shadow from its substance, or the soul from the body. By a law as immutable, as inflexible, as that which regulates the motions of the spheres, they are for ever coerced into mutual attendance the one upon the other. Twin-born of the same elements, they cannot be divided, but invariably will exist or perish together. To search for the origin of poetry is to enquire into the sublime and stupendous mystery of the creation of man and of nature itself; for the one seems for ever coincident with the other.

The first blessing of which our infant ear is conscious, when above our cradled repose a mother's voice is heard to soothe our peaceful slumber,—the last we wish for in that solemn farewell hour when our drooping senses take no note save of the gentle tones of broken-hearted affection, or the sub-

duing prayers of never-ending love—when, impressed at last with the more than nothingness of this world, our disen-thralled impatient spirits are ready to exclaim,

“Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.”

The world is full of poetry—aye, and the heavens too. The universe is but one mighty epic, whose cadence is the thunder chanting eternally the praise of God, beginning when the morning stars first sang together, and the “sweet influence of the Pleiades” crowned the consummation of his labor.

Man is essentially an imitative being, and in his first efforts to communicate, by vocal signs, the passions and feelings he found struggling for utterance from the depths of his heart, he probably followed the examples that existed around him in every object of the visible and invisible universe.

With the roar of the mighty, and to him illimitable ocean, he naturally associated the idea of vastness and power;—the fiery spectacle of the volcano, the rending shock of the earthquake, with that of terror and destruction;—while the ripple of the gently flowing river, the murmur of the purling stream, were so many voices of comfort, refreshment, and repose. The roar of the lion to him was expressive of courage, while the bleating of flocks and the lowing of herds, were significant of home and of country. The notes of the song birds were the eloquent explicatives of pleasure and of hope, while the cooing of the lonely dove was the touching elegy of despondency and sorrow. The rush of the wailing, shrieking tempest, furnished him with language for the horrid diapason of battle; while through the solemn gloom of the forest, the boom of the descending cataract and the roll of the lofty thunder subdued him to reverence as the accents of a God.

“Moses informs us that Jubal, who lived before the flood,

was the inventor of the Kinnor and the Hugah, meaning the harp and the organ.

“The Jews were fond of music in their religious ceremonies, their feasts, and their public rejoicings, their marriages and their mournings. The music of the temple was performed by the families of Asaph, Herman, and Jeduthan, the Levites, whose whole business it was to learn and practice this agreeable art; and abundant provision was made for them, that they might not be prevented from pursuing their musical studies by the cares of life. Kings and great men among the Jews studied music, and David made great proficiency in it. In his time, indeed, music had reached its highest perfection among the Hebrew nation, and part of their religious service consisted in chanting solemn hymns and psalms, with instrumental accompaniments.

“The invention of the lyre is ascribed to Hermes Trismegestes, the Mercury of the Egyptians, which is a proof of its antiquity. But a still greater proof of the existence of musical instruments among them at a very early period, is drawn from the figure of an instrument said to be represented on an obelisk erected by Sesostris, at Heliopolis.

“The Greeks are known to have been fond of music. It had a considerable share in their education; and so great was its influence over their bodies, as well as their minds, that it was thought to be a remedy for various disorders.

“The traditions indicate that they received this art, or at least a great improvement in the execution of it, from Lydia, where Amphyon is said to have learned music, and from Arcadia, where the shepherds practiced on the pipe, the flute, and the cytheran. From the province of Asia Minor, the different modes of Greek music—the Phrygian, the Doric, the Lydian, and the Ionian—were derived. Simple in its origin, afterwards more rich and varied, it successively animated the verses of Hesiod, Homer, Archilocus, Terpander, Simonides,

and Pindar. Music was then inseparable from poetry. It borrowed all its charms, or rather, we will say, poetry was embellished by those of music. The ancient poets, who were at once musicians, philosophers, and legislators, obliged to distribute in their verses the species of time of which those verses were capable, never lost sight of this principle—words, melody, rythm, the three powerful agents employed by music in imitation, all equally concurred in, producing unity of expression. They were early acquainted with the diatonic, chromatic, and inharmonic genera; and, to each of these, genius assigned the species of poetry the best adapted to them; they employed our three principal modes, and applied them in preference to the three general subjects they were obliged to treat.

“Was a warlike nation to be animated to combat, or entertained with the recital of its exploits, the doric harmony lent its force and majesty. If necessary to lay before them greater examples of calamity and suffering, in order to instruct them in the science of misfortune, elegies and plaintive songs borrowed the piercing and pathetic tones of the Lydian harmony. To inspire with awe and gratitude towards the Gods, the Phrygian notes were appropriated to the sacred hymns. The lyre then produced but a small number of sounds, and singing afforded but very little variety. The simplicity of the means employed by music secured the triumphs of poetry, more philosophic and instructive than history, inasmuch as it selects sublimer models, delineates greater characters, holding out illustrious lessons of courage, prudence, and honor.”

“As dignity,” says Anacharsis,—from whom we quote,—“As dignity is inseparable from elevation of sentiments and ideas, the poet who bears the impression of it in his soul, does not give way to servile imitation. His conceptions are lofty, and his language that of one whose office it is to speak with the Gods, and to instruct men. Their hymns in-

spired piety ; their poems, the thirst of glory ; their elegies, patience and firmness under misfortunes ; examples, as well as precepts, were easily imprinted on the memory, by simple airs, of noble and expressive character ; and youth, early accustomed to repeat them, imbibed, with their amusements, the love of every duty, and the idea of real excellence."

"The origin of poetical numbers," says Mr. Mills, "is found in a desire to reduce specific ideas to a definite form ; hence, Minos, and other ancient sages, composed their laws in verse.

"The effusions of the early bards of Greece, were, doubtless, of the same nature. In the heroic ages, the deeds of real personages formed the burthen of the poet's song, and for this reason their names became sacred, and their memories immortalized.

Of these bards, such as Linas, Orpheus, and Musaeus, little else is known than their names ; and to determine the time at which they flourished, was a matter of as great difficulty two thousand years ago, as it is at present ; we therefore pass over these earlier poets, and proceed at once to Homer, emphatically the father of Grecian poetry. His versatility, and his creative power, are certainly without a parallel amongst the ancients ; and in modern times, he has scarcely had an equal. The worthies of antiquity were uniformly formed after the models of his poems ; from him, lawgivers, and founders of monarchies and commonwealths, took the models of their politics. Hence, too, philosophers the first principles of morality which they taught their disciples. Here, also, physicians learned the nature of diseases, and their causes ; the astronomers of ancient times acquired their knowledge of the heavens, and geometricians of the earth ; kings and princes the art of government ; and captains to form a battle, to encamp an army, to besiege towns, to fight, and to gain victories. Strabo assures us that Homer has described

the places, and the countries, of which he gives us an account, with that accuracy that no man can imagine, who has not seen them, and which no man but must admire, and be astonished at. His poems may justly be compared with that shield of divine workmanship so inimitably represented in the eighteenth book of the Illiad, where we have exact images of all the actions of war, and all the employments of peace, and are at the same time entertained with a delightful view of the universe.

“Cotemporaneous with Homer lived Hesiod, who, in a contest at the court of Chalcis, won the prize of a golden tripod from his mighty rival, and immediately dedicated it to the Muses, after having inscribed upon it the following lines :

“This Hesiod vows to the Heliconian nine,
In Chalcis won from Homer the divine.”

The didactic lessons which his poems contain, were regarded by the ancients as of such great importance, that they were used for ages throughout Greece, for purposes of recitation in the ordinary course of moral instruction in their seats of learning.

These mighty lights, though they first feebly dawned upon the dim horizon of remote and ancient civilization, have steadily arose into the zenith of its noon-day sky, and, like the lordly sun and moon, still hold their place amidst the countless spheres of lesser magnitude, that only glitter in their borrowed lights.

With them, indeed, the true mission of poetry commences; and faithfully have the duties of its high vocation been performed, even down to our times, enlightening and inspiring the human soul; purifying and elevating the thoughts and feelings of man; illustrating his history, and adorning his achievements.

To leave this attractive land of poets, philosophers, and

heroes, we come next to the immortal Latin poet, Virgil. "Homer," says Sir William Temple, "was, without doubt, the most universal genius, and Virgil the most accomplished. To the first must be allowed the most fertile imagination, the richest vein, the most general knowledge, and the most lively expression. To the last, the noblest ideas, the justest institutions, the wisest conduct, and the choicest elocution. To speak in the painter's terms, we find in the words of Homer the most spirit, force, and life; in those of Virgil, the best designs, the truest proportions, and the greatest grace; the coloring in both seems equal, and, indeed, in both is admirable. Homer had more fire and rapture, Virgil more light and sweetness; or, at least, the poetical fire was more raging in the one, but clearer in the other, which makes the first more amusing, and the latter more agreeable. The ore was richer in the one, but in the other more refined, and better alloyed to make up excellent work. Upon the whole, it must be confessed that Homer was, of the two, and perhaps of all others, the vastest, the sublimest, and the most wonderful genius, and that he has been generally so esteemed there can be no greater testimony given than has been by some observed, that not only the greatest masters have found the best and truest principles of all their sciences and arts in him, but the noblest nations have derived the original of their several races, though it be hardly yet agreed whether his story be true or a fiction. In short, these two immortal poets must be allowed to have so much exceeded all comparison, as to have extinguished emulation, and in a manner confined true poetry, not only to their own languages, but to their very poems."

This triumphant conclusion might stand as true, but for the new and mighty forces brought into action by Dante and Milton. Grant that these intellectual giants had exhausted the munificent resources of the visible universe, and all the

splendors of fabulous mythology, yet they had not seen the Star that arose in the East; they had not heard the Song that stole at night upon the ears of the shepherds of Bethlehem, though there is, doubtless, some divinity in the fire that burns upon the altars they have kindled, yet it is not the broad and steady blaze of revelation; they wrote by the light of the sun and the moon; but these sacred bards were favored by the effulgence of that which reveals the glory of that world which shall exist when the heavens of this shall be rolled together as a scroll.

I have not space to speak of the wonders and beauties of the many other poets of a lesser note, either of ancient or modern times. I should like to pay my respects to Ariosto, Torquato Tasso, to Camoens, to Goethe, Schiller, Shakspeare, Byron, and Burns. I should like to speak of the Troubadours, to dwell upon the poetry of various nations; but the subject is too vast for my present purpose, and all are familiar with the astonishing effects which these authors have produced upon the world.

National songs are the chiefest wealth of any country; the power and influence of Rule Britannia, the Marseillaise Hymn, the Sword Leoid, Hail Columbia, and the Star Spangled Banner, are felt and acknowledged all over the world. Well might the British statesman exclaim, "Let me but make the ballads of a nation, I care not who makes its laws." They inspire the citizen with patriotism and devotion, they fill the soldier's breast with a thirst for glory, they breathe the soul of liberty, and perpetuate the deeds of justice and of valor. They are the admiration of the free, and the terror of tyrants. Never was this better exemplified than in a paragraph which I cut from the *Commercial*, of this city, a few days ago. It reads as follows:

"The French soldiers who returned from the Crimea to Paris with such pomp, a few days since, were to have par-

taken of a banquet given by the National Guard, but it did not come off, according to the correspondent of the *New York Times*, for the following reason: 'During the repulses which were experienced by a portion of the French troops, at the final assault on Sebastopol, some of the regiments demanded the *Marseillaise*, and Gen. Pelissier was forced to give his consent to the request. This fact is stated by the returned soldiers themselves; and they declare that if the bands had not been allowed to play that air, the day would have been rendered doubtful. And it was the fear that these same men, when inflated by the importance which has been given them, and excited by wine, might again break out with the terrible air, even in the face of the man who fears it most. It was simply from fear of some such demonstration as this that the order was revoked.' "

Here was an emperor, the descendant of a hero,—himself aggrandized by the prestige of recent victories, though seated on his throne, within the precincts of his own fortified capital, and surrounded by a numerous army, yet he quailed with fear at the prospect of hearing a mere song resounding through the streets, and shrank aghast, as if a thousand cannon were at his gates. Why did he fear? Ah! that song can never be sung without arousing the irresistible spirit of freedom and liberty, which is its soul and its mission. Such is the might and majesty of song.

"Of all the heaven-bestowed privileges of the poet," says Mrs. Jamieson, in her *Loves of the Poets*, "the highest, the dearest, the most enviable, is the power of immortalizing the object of his love, of dividing with her his amaranthine wreath of glory, and repaying the inspiration caught from her eyes, with a crown of everlasting fame. It is not enough that in his imagination he has deified her, that he has consecrated his faculties to her honor, that he has burned his heart in incense upon the altar of her perfections. The

divinity thus decked out in the richest, loveliest hues, he places on high, and calls upon all ages and all nations to bow down before her; and all ages and all nations obey—worshipping the beauty thus enshrined in imperishable verse, when others, perhaps as fair, and not less worthy, have gone down to “dust and endless darkness.” How many women, who would otherwise have stolen through the shades of domestic life, their charms, their virtues, their affections, buried with them, have become objects of eternal interest and admiration, because their memories are linked with the brightest monuments of human genius. While many a high-born dame, who once moved goddess-like upon the earth, and bestowed kingdoms with her hand, lives a mere name in some musty chronicle; though her love was sought by princes, though with her dower she might have enriched an emperor, what availed it?

“She had no poet and she died.”

And how has woman repaid this gift of immortality. Oh, believe it, when the garland was such as woman is proud to wear, she amply and deeply rewarded him who placed it upon her brow.

If, in return for being made illustrious, she made her lover happy, was it not a rich equivalent?

And if not; if the lover was unsuccessful, still the poet had his reward. Whence came the generous feelings, the high imaginations, the glorious fancies, the heavenward aspirations, which raised him above the herd of vulgar men, but from the ennobling influences of her he loved?

“Through her, the world opened upon him with a diviner beauty, and all nature became, in his sight, but a transcript of the charms of his mistress. He saw her eyes in the stars of heaven, her lips in the half-blown rose; the perfume of the opening flowers was but her breath, that wafted sweet-

ness round about the world; the lily was a sweet thief that had stolen its purity from her breast; the violet was dipped in the azure of her veins; the aureorean dew "dropped from the opening eyelids of the morn," were not so pure as her tears; the last rose-tint of the dying day was not so bright or so delicate as her cheek; hers was the freshness of the dew and the bloom of spring; she consumed him to languor as the summer sun; she was kind as the bounteous autumn; or she froze him with her wintry disdain. There was nothing in the wonders, the splendors, or the treasures of the created universe, in heaven or in earth, in the seasons or their changes, that did not borrow from her some charm, some glory beyond its own. Was it not just that the beauty she dispensed should be consecrated to her adornment, and that the inspiration she bestowed should be repaid her in fame.

"For what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again;
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behavior — beauty doth he give,
But found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth live,
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thyself dost pay."

The theory, then, which I wish to illustrate as far as my limited powers permit, is this: That where a woman has been exalted above the rest of her sex, by the talents of a lover, and consigned to enduring fame and perpetuity of praise, the passion was real, and was merited. That no deep or lasting interest was ever founded in fancy or in fiction; that truth, in short, is the basis of all excellence in amatory poetry, as in every thing else; for, where truth is there is good of some sort, and where there is truth and good, there must be beauty, there must be durability of fame.

Truth is the golden chain that links the terrestrial with

the celestial, which sets the seal of heaven on the things of this earth, and stamps them with immortality. Poets have risen up, and been the mere fashion of a day, and have set up idols, which have been the idols of a day. If the worship be out of date and the idols cast down, it is because these adorers wanted sincerity of purpose and feeling; their raptures were feigned, their incense was bought or adulterate.

In the brain, or in the fancy, one beauty may eclipse another. One coquette may drive out another, and tricked off in airy verse, they float away unregarded, like morning vapors, which the beam of genius has tinged with a transient brightness. But let the heart once be touched, and it is not only wakened, but inspired. The lover kindled into the poet, presents to her he loves, his cup of ambrosial praise. She tastes, and the woman is transmuted into a divinity.

When the Grecian sculptor carved out his deities in marble, and left us wondrous and godlike shapes, impersonations of ideal grace unapproachable by modern skill, was it through mere mechanical superiority? No! It was the spirit of faith within, which shadowed to his imagination what he would represent. In the same manner, no woman has ever been truly, lastingly deified in poetry, but in the spirit of truth and love.

“In an intellectual nature formed for progress and for higher modes of being,” says Dr. Channing, “there must be creative energies, power of original and growing thought,—and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art that it makes all things new for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences in the world of matter and mind, but it combines and blends them into new forms, and according to new affinities, breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bonds of nature, imparts to material objects life, sentiment, and emo-

tion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendors of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in colors which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those moments of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifests its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence."

To a man of literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these wakings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses—the laws of the immortal intellect. It is trying and developing its best faculties, and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendor, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation; it lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity, that is to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires and parts with much of its powers; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she can not wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world—passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good.

Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections; it delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation, and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions, but they are passions which show a

mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind above and beyond the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life — to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotions. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings; spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and through the brightness of its prophetic vision, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected against poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up the imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars — the wisdom of the senses — which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earth-born prudence. But passing over this topic, we should observe that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophical theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest virtues, and it flashes often upon new regions of thought, and throws new light on the mysteries of our being.

In poetry the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwell in the bolder fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage

of the immortal mind, abounds in materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labors and pleasures of our earthly being.

The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic; the affections which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity; the working of the mighty passions which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and inexpressible joy of infancy; the bloom and buoyancy and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of happiness too vast for earth.

Woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fullness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire; these are all poetical. It is not true, that the poet paints a life which does not exist; he only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well, for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for substance and physical gratifications, but admits in measures, which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.

Poetry then may justly be styled a universal language expressive of feeling, and proves there is at least one chord that binds the human family together, one common ground where all may meet in sympathetic union. Is it too much to infer that this is the expressive language in which we all shall ultimately join, in common adoration of our great and beneficent Creator, here, and in that world where we shall exist for ever.

THE CAPTIVE.

SUBLIME as the sacred pillar of light
That o'er the dark desert arose,
To guide the chosen of God, while his ire
Was a cloud o'er the path of their foes:
Thus tower'd a volume of glorious light
Where the council-fire was piled,
And backward roll'd the pall of night
From the depths of the forest wild.

A thousand columns in majesty rose—
The stars in silence crown them,
While sable night at distance throws
A wall of shadow around them.
The rustling leaves were waving free
In the bland and balmy air,
Or flashing their emerald heraldry
In that watch-fire's ruddy glare.

While gorgeous flowers of every hue
Like orient censers bloom,
And gemm'd with drops of sparkling dew,
Were breathing rich perfume ;
While o'er that sward the gods might tread
Fearless of mortal stain,
And bear the light their sandals shed
Undimm'd to heaven again.

For never since creation's birth
Did human foot impress
Its form upon the virgin earth
Of that pure wilderness.
There softly the voice of the torrent's rush
From distance greets the ear,
And mingles with the cheering gush
Of fountains gurgling near.

And sweeter than the mystic notes
Of Memnon's harp divine,
Is the whisper'd tone that ever floats
O'er the boughs of the lofty pine.
Such is the hall of freedom proud,
The temple heaven supplies,
Whose banner is the streaming cloud,
Whose dome is the starry skies.

There swells no marble by his side,
O'er heaps of crimson spoil ;
No monuments of human pride,
Or marks of human toil ;
No fretted arch or tinsel'd wall,
With tatter'd banners spread—
Those epitaphs that do recall
Nothing—but of the dead.

They are needed not—those crumbling piles
With centuries grown dim ;
Let tyrants tread their pillar'd aisles,
They were not made for him !
The pale-face in his pride may prize
These mockeries of art :
The hill, the stream, the starry skies,
Are dearer to his heart.

The hand the costliest diamond fires—
The haughtiest sceptre waves ;
The proudest domes, the loftiest spires,
Were ever rear'd by slaves :
The barren rock, the wild, wild glen,
The isles of the dark blue sea,
And the trackless desert, have ever been
The homes of the fearless free.

Like giant shades that swell on high
At night's mysterious noon ;
The thunder-clouds of all the sky
Piled up around the moon ;
Wild, dark, and mute, his warriors sit
In that forest-cinctured wold,
Like glacier waves the storm has met
And frozen as they roll'd.

And in their midst, all voiceless there,
Is one in childhood's bloom ;
There droops from out his raven hair
Full many a radiant plume ;
And from his shoulder there descends
A quiver and painted bow,
Veil'd by his robe, whose color blends
Like roses wreath'd with snow.

A crimson scarf is round his waist,
O'er his vesture's azure fold,
And the dagger there so careless placed
Is rich with gems and gold ;
His sandals are so richly wrought,
You'd deem the sylvan fair
The rainbow in its pride had caught,
And wove its glory there.

His slender form, his maiden brow,
His soft, dark, flashing eyes,
All fraught with hope and passion now,
And thoughts of high emprise.
I've stood where purest dreams were given—
The pencil's breath of life —
Till the canvas grew a spell from heaven
O'er my spirit's kindling strife :

I've worship'd the idols of other days
Till my heart hath gush'd with joy ;
But their marble no image of beauty conveys
Like that wild Indian boy :
He seem'd the Genius of Freedom there,
That tyrant ne'er hath bowed ;
A spirit of beauty whose home is the air,
Whose path is the summer cloud.

Ah ! deems he of a mother's smile?
Of a father's fond caress?
Of a cottage that was rear'd erewhile
On the verge of the wilderness?
Or how that mother's long dark hair
Was torn from her snowy brow,
And oft is waved on the forest air,
A trophy of vengeance now?

For the red man in his frenzied ire,
And injury, and hate,
At midnight came, with steel and fire,
His deep revenge to sate;
And where secure at daylight's close
That border village stood,
Nought met the eye when morn arose
But ashes quench'd in blood!

They saw its bright red ruins glare
Where their blazing arrows fell;
And they shook the black and starless air
With a wild and fearful yell!
His father perish'd, knife in hand,
Mid the dread and hellish scene;
And of that hamlet not a brand
Now breaks the level green.

And he alone survived the storm
Of that fiendish border fray,
Tho' a murderer seized his tender form,
And bared his knife to slay!
But even that murderer's heart could feel
The beauty he paused to trace,
As that cherub grasp'd the glittering steel,
And smiled in his demon face.

And ere he could his thoughts array
To dispel the unwelcome charm,
That reeking knife was wrench'd away
With the force of a giant arm!
Like a tiger he sprang to the red embrace,
In the strength of a warrior pride;
But a glance hath fix'd him to the place—
His chief is by his side!

That chieftain's lip was wreath'd in scorn,
And from his dark eye broke
A curse, that accent ne'er hath borne—
That language ne'er hath spoke!
“Away!” At length his lips found words
His gathering rage to speak;
While the fire that deathly passion hoards
Flash'd o'er his swarthy cheek.

“Away!—nor linger on my path,
Thou minister of hell!
Ere leaps the adder of my wrath!
Off! wretch! thou knowest me well!
Go from my sight! haste! get thee hence!
Nay, speak not, but depart,
Ere the steel thou aim'st at innocence
Shall reach thy guilty heart!

“A warrior thou! and such the foes
Thou seekest in the strife?
The tide that in thy bosom flows
Must shield thy guilty life!
By heaven! that head should instant roll
On the earth thy murder stains,
But that I know a Shawnee’s soul
Is red within thy veins.

“The glorious name our fathers won —
The fame of other years —
Think you ’twas bought with woman’s groan,
Or helpless infant’s tears!
Off! slave! The braves Tecumseh leads
Are led to war with men;
But woman and her children bleed
To-night where they have been!

“Who bid thee seek this friendly cot?
Ah! well thy knife hath sped!
How, traitor! hast thou thus forgot
The hand that gave thee bread?
Thou know’st thy victim was our friend —
The firm, the tried, the true:
Thy chief had perish’d to defend
These whom thy treachery slew!

“Hast thou so soon forgot the hour ;
Hast thou forgot the day ;
When in the battle’s leaden shower
Our braves were swept away ?
Our women to the hills had fled ;
Our homes were all on flame ;
And blood, and death, and terror spread,
Where’er a pale-face came ?

“Hast thou forgot, how, on that night,
When all was hush’d in sleep,
Save where around some funeral light
The soldier watch’d to weep,
I sought Kiskara mid the slain ?
I thought that brave had died ;
For he, when death-shot pour’d like rain,
Fell bleeding by my side.

“I went to where a rocky bank
O’er the dim deep waters rose ;
Whose trampled shores in torrents drank
The blood of invading foes !
I felt a strange and awful dread,
As I strode o’er that fatal hill—
Like a spirit amidst the ranks of dead,
They were all so cold and still !

“The moon was piled like a broken wreath
Of snow on an Alp of cloud ;
And mournfully over the starless heath
The wolf howl'd long and loud.
I felt the dew damps on my feet,
And paused and look'd around ;
And listened to hear my pulses beat,
The silence was so profound.

“And then I heard a sigh, a groan—
Ah, once that voice was strong—
Again that faint expiring moan !
I hastened to the throng ;
For I knew among that dread array
Kiskara fell the first ;
But he, it seems, had crawl'd away,
To quench his dying thirst.

“I found him on the cold white sands—
He had not reach'd the wave ;
I bent me down and with my hands
I scooped for him a grave !
Then heap'd it rudely o'er with stone,
And long ere morning's smile
Upon those peaceful waters shone,
I finish'd there my pile.

“ Where oft will rest the fisher’s prow,
From those waters cold and dim ;
And the hunter pause, as I do now,
To breathe a prayer for him :
And kindly offerings will be brought
By many a pilgrim band,
To tell him he is ne’er forgot
In his far off spirit-land.

“ And when my mournful task was done,
With weary limbs and aching heart
I turn’d me, ere the morning’s sun
Should rise and warn me to depart ;
But on my path there lurk’d the foe,
For they had traced me to that shore :
I saw a flash—I felt a blow—
And then I knew no more !

“ When I awoke from out that sleep,
I lay upon the damp cold ground ;
I felt a shudder o’er me creep,
To know that I was weak, and bound
A captive there. I knew not why
The blood was frozen in my veins ;
Thou know’st I do not fear to die,
And yet I trembled in my chains.

“I’d rather bare me to the gash
Of blazing shaft or glittering steel,
Where muskets ring and sabres flash,
And round the mingling squadrons reel,
And thickly strew the earth with dead,
As branches from the forest riven,
When tempests shake the hills with dread
And lightning fires the scowling heaven,

“Than live that moment o’er again!
A waking corse, my blood had soil’d
And stain’d the earth where I had lain;
And oh! those chains like serpents coil’d
Around my heart! I feel them yet!
And oft in sleep my vision swims
Of couches with my life-blood wet,
And fetters on my quivering limbs,

“Till I have sprung from my unrest,
And joy’d to see the morning beam!
’Tis childish, but I have been blest
To wake and find I did but dream!
But then ’twas true! the gray cold light
Of dawn was spread on high,
And one by one the stars of night
Went out in th’ illumined sky.

“And many a pale and vermeil freak,
Like rose leaves in the air,
Or hues upon young beauty’s cheek,
That will not linger there ;
And then an amber ocean roll’d
O’er the dim and lofty brows
Of the distant hills, and tipp’d with gold
Their unawaken’d boughs.

“I heard the distant waters roar
As they swept toward the sea ;
I saw the dark rock eagle soar—
He never seemed so free
As when I could not even rise
From off the chilly ground,
From weakness and the gory ties
With which my limbs were bound.

“And then I thought I heard a step ;
And then again ’twas gone :
Then nearer to my side it crept,
Light as the trembling fawn :
I turn’d and saw what then I deem’d
An angel by me there,
So bright, so beautiful, she seem’d
A spirit from the world of air,

“Or one of Fancy’s iris daughters,
An image by the sunbeam wrought,
Or from Walculla’s sacred waters,
Embodied music—thing of thought—
All goddess—like the fabled birth
Of Pallas from the brain—
Fair creature, that I knew on earth
Might meet me ne’er again.

“Not that her garb was so divine,
Though that was sweet to trace :
The silken web, the glittering mine,
What add they to such grace ?
The blazing gem, the Tyrian dye,
The varied pomp of dress ;
The stars that seek the western sky
Obscure their loveliness !

“’Tis only in the depths of blue,
When night has quench’d the rays
Of eve, with every gorgeous hue
We see their beauty blaze ;
When twilight o’er the earth is spread,
Or morning’s opal swells :
Such are the hours these wonders shed
Their softest, holiest spells.

“And woman’s form, and woman’s glance,
And woman’s fond caress ;
O! what can woman’s love enhance!
Or what can make it less !
Hath she not cast a spell sublime
O’er the hapless fate of man,
In every age, in every clime,
Since being first began ?

“Hath she not cheer’d the darkest doom,
And dried the bitterest tear—
The scaffold and the dungeon’s gloom,
The death-couch and the bier ?
The peasant, in his humble cot,
The conqueror, in his fame ;
Have they not sigh’d where she was not,
And smiled where’er she came ?

“The bard, within his rosy bowers ;
The monarch, on his throne,
Mid softest isles of opening flowers,
And music’s sweetest tone ;
Where piles of gems and marble rose
O’er shrines and altars round,
And waters lull’d them to repose
With their sweet and murmuring sound :

“Have we not heard e’en these deplore
The fate of those who live,
And vainly sigh for something more
Than wealth alone can give?
Then yield the pride and pomp to those
Whom luxury hath nursed :
Be mine to gaze, at daylight’s close,
As heaven beheld her first,

“On woman’s soft and dreamy brow,
Her form’s immortal mould—
Her canopy the fragrant bough,
Her dress the simple fold
Of those by ancient sculptors given,
To clothe but not conceal
Those beauties of the gods in heaven
They could not all reveal.

“And such were hers ; for careless furl’d
Her morning robe of white,
As those that in the spirit-world
Are worn by forms of light ;
Or like the glittering foam above
The billows wild and free,
When softly rose the Queen of Love
All glowing from the sea!

“She paused, in pity of my pain :

It seem'd an age to me,

While, trembling, that accursed chain

She loosed, and I was free !

‘Haste !’ said she, ‘haste thee ! that canoe !

While yet thy foemen sleep,

Fly ! get thee o’er yon waters blue ;

Thou ’rt safe upon the deep.

“And when some captive sues to thee,

Mid the battle’s crimson strife,

Then, warrior, then O think of me,

And yield the boon of life.’

Oh, God ! how is thy love repaid,

Thou well-remembered one !

Would that my heart had sheath’d the blade

This hellish deed hath done !

“Too late ! But this, thy own fair child,

Shall safely live to be

The ruler of this boundless wild,

That now is ruled by me.”

He said, and clasp’d him to his breast,

And soothed his infant moan,

And bore him to the far off west

To heir his forest throne.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

THO' many and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag, by our country unfurl'd;
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there
Like a rainbow adorning the world;
Their light is unsullied, as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done;
And they 're leagued in as true and as holy a tie,
In their motto of "MANY IN ONE."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung
That banner of starlight abroad,
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung
As they clung to the promise of God:
By the bayonet traced at the midnight of war,
On the fields where our glory was won,
O perish the heart or the hand that would mar
Our motto of "MANY IN ONE."

Mid the smoke of the contest—the cannon's deep
 roar

How oft it has gather'd renown;
While those stars were reflected in rivers of gore,
When the Cross and the Lion went down;
And tho' few were the lights in the gloom of that
 hour,

Yet the hearts that were striking below
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their power,
And they stopp'd not to number the foe.

From where our Green Mountain tops blend with
 the sky,

And the giant St. Lawrence is rolled,
To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie,
Like the dream of some prophet of old,
They conquer'd; and dying bequeath'd to our care,
Not this boundless dominion alone,
But that banner whose loveliness hallows the air,
And their motto of "MANY IN ONE."

We are "many in one" while there glitters a star
In the blue of the heavens above;
And tyrants shall quail 'mid their dungeons afar,
When they gaze on that motto of love.

It shall gleam o'er the sea, 'mid the bolts of the
storm—

Over tempest and battle and wreck—
And flame where our guns with their thunder grow
warm,
'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

The oppress'd of the earth to that standard shall fly,
Wherever its folds shall be spread;
And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky
Where its stars shall float over his head:
And those stars shall increase till the fullness of time
Its millions of cycles has run—
Till the world shall have welcomed its mission
sublime,
And the nations of earth shall be one.

Though the old Alleghany may tower to heaven,
And the Father of Waters divide,
The links of our destiny cannot be riven
While the truth of those words shall abide.
Then, O! let them glow on each helmet and brand,
Tho' our blood like our rivers should run;
Divide as we may in our own native land,
To the rest of the world we are one !

Then up with our flag! Let it stream on the air!

Tho' our fathers are cold in their graves,

They had hands that could strike—they had souls
that could dare—

And their sons were not born to be slaves.

Up, up with that banner! Where'er it may call,

Our millions shall rally around;

And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,

When its stars shall be trail'd on the ground.

THE SONG OF IRON.

HEAVE the bellows and pile the fire,
Like the red and fearful glow
Where the crater's lurid clouds aspire
O'er the darkened plains below;
Let the weight of your pond'rous hammers smite
With the power of the mountain stream;
Or thunder beneath the earthquake might
That dwells in the arm of steam!

Tho' I cannot boast the diamond's hue,
The tempting gleam of gold,
With which, by the arts of the grasping few
The nations are bought and sold;
Yet is my presence more priceless far
Than the blaze of each royal gem,
That ever has kindled a ducal star,
Or flamed in a diadem.

In the fearful depths of the rayless mine
My giant strength was laid,
Ere the sun, or the moon, or the stars that shine
In the boundless heavens, were made;
Ere darkness was rolled from the deep away;
Ere the skies were spread abroad;
Ere the words that called up the light of day
Were breathed by the lips of God!

Ye were but a poor and powerless race
Till ye wisely sought my aid;
Ye dwelt, like the beasts of the savage chase,
In the gloom of the forest shade;
Where often the nomad yielded his hearth
To the wolf, in pale affright,
And the tooth of the lion stained the earth
With the blood of the troglodyte.

How helpless ye saw the descending rain
The water's resistless flow,
The frost that sear'd the verdant plain,
And the blinding drifts of snow!
For you no steer his neck would yield,
No steed your slave would be;
Ye traced no furrows along the field,
No pathways o'er the sea!

The myriad stars came forth at even ;
The bow of God was bent,
Inscribing the wondrous laws of heaven
O'er the measureless firmament ;
Bright constellations rose and fled ;
The fair moon waxed and waned ;
But the record which they nightly spread
Unknown to you remained.

But when some prescient spark of mind
Invaded my lone retreat,
And ye learned my Proteus form to bind
And fashion with fervent heat,
The gleaming sword from the flames leap'd out,
And the hook for the golden grain ;
And the air grew vocal with freedom's shout
Where the tyrants of earth were slain !

Then rose the dome and the lofty tower
Where the groaning forest fell ;
And the massive guns look'd frowning o'er
The walls of the citadel.
The dizzy and tapering steeple sprung,
And flash'd in the summer air :
And the pendent bell in the turret swung
To summon the world to prayer !

Stout ships encounter'd the howling storms
On the trackless sea secure ;
For I held the fate of their gallant forms,
And my grasp is strong and sure.
Midst the lightning's gleam, and the tempest's roar,
They feared not the angry main,
For they cast their trusty anchors o'er,
And laughed at the hurricane.

At my touch the massive column soar'd !
The graceful arch was thrown !
And forms of beauty the world adored
Rose up in deathless stone !
Ye rival'd the tints of the blushing dawn
With the hues my dust supplied,
Till the humblest work of art has shown
Like the mist by rainbows dyed.

I come where the suffering patient lies
On his couch, all wan and weak,
And the lustre returns to his sunken eyes,
And the bloom to his pallid cheek.
Ye fear not the roar of the thunder loud ;
Ye sleep with the storms around ;
For the bolt I clutch in the threatening cloud,
Falls harmless to the ground.

Where I tread, the crooked paths grow straight,
The old hills disappear;
And I draw each distant hostile State
In friendly commerce near!
Swift through my veins by the lightning hurl'd,
Your thoughts like the tempest sweep,
Till knowledge has cover'd the rolling world,
As the waters have cover'd the deep.

And soon ye shall see my massive ore
In many a grander pile
Than ever adorned the Tiber's shore,
Or the banks of the ancient Nile.
The sacred temple shall rear its roof,
The cottage for social glee,
The frowning fortress, thunder-proof,
And the ships of every sea.

Then hurrah! ye fearless sons of toil!
Your nation's strength and pride!
May ye reap a harvest of golden spoil
O'er the earth and the ocean wide!
May your ponderous hammers ever smite
With the power of the mountain stream;
Or thunder beneath the earthquake might
That dwells in the arm of steam!

THE SONG OF STEAM.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein :
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay conceal'd from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze ;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar ;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripp'd afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chain'd to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length;
And I rush'd to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
O then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er
The mountain's steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power;
The world! the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly west,
Or the orient floods divine:

The ocean pales where'er I sweep—
I hear my strength rejoice;
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play;
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print,
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands
Be sure of your curb and rein :
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

THE SONG OF COMMERCE.

O COME from the dull, tame round of life,
From the paths so vainly trod —
From the arts of man and his petty strife,
O'er the glad waves come abroad.
The compass shall guide our trackless way
O'er the wild, wild wastes we roam,
When the clouds obscure the light of day
And the sea is white with foam.

With song and cheer we haste to launch
Our barques o'er the waters blue —
Their giant ribs are strong and staunch
As the hills whereon they grew.
They are hewn from out the veteran oak
That centuries hath withstood
The rending force of the thunder-stroke,
In the ranks of the ancient wood.

For masts we'll rear the mountain pine,
That far to the northward grows,
Whose lofty boughs, like emeralds, shine
O'er the drifting polar snows.
We'll stay them with sinuous cordage taut,
That under a press of sail
They will not spring when the tack is brought,
And she heels to the rushing gale.

With each studding and top-gallant sheet,
With her royals poised in air,
And skysails like the clouds that meet,
When the heavens for change prepare—
And proudly o'er all our Union stars,
From her tapering topmast high,
With the earthquake shouts of her gallant tars,
We'll fling to their native sky.

Then away from the landsman's wilder'd view
Shall fleet her graceful form
The spray of the alpine billows through,
With the speed of the flying storm.
Thou hast no kings or groaning slaves
Thou ancient glorious Sea!
Thou realm of wild and restless waves,
Thou home of the fearless free!

Hurrah! o'er thy boundless fields we roam,
O'er thy billows skyward rolled,
Emboss'd by the white caps' glittering foam,
And fretted with solar gold;
And when descending the curtain'd west
Day's lingering beams expire,
Our highway o'er thy heaving breast
Shall brighten with gleams of fire.

We 'll view the glowing Eden Isles
O'er thy orient azure rise,
Like the cloth of gold the sunset piles
O'er the hills of the evening skies.
We 'll view the glittering iceberg roll
Where the ocean is frozen white,
As we slacken sail at the sunless pole
By the glare of the northern light.

Ye shall see the wealth of every shore
In our priceless cargo shine—
The gleaming piles of golden ore,
And the gems of every mine.
Then speeding over our course sublime
With our cloud of sails unfurl'd,
We 'll hasten back to our native clime,
From our race around the world.

THE SONG OF COMMERCE.

Who talks of war? We have guns below,
And steel of the truest make;
And where is the vain and reckless foe
Their thunder shall dare to wake?
Our peaceful flag, that ne'er did blanch
Where the smoke of the contest grew,
Though it bears the shade of the olive branch,
Is gleaming with arrows too!

And the deeds of our lion-hearted sires
With the hues of that flag are known,
That now is flashing its starry fires
In the clouds of every zone;
The tide from their clotted scuppers pour'd
Made crimson the dark blue main,
When the stricken foe hath seen them board
Like the rush of the hurricane.

Should his hostile flag appear again
O'er the tiers of his silenced guns,
The blood his shattered bulwark stains
Shall prove that we 're their sons—
The war-cry of that glorious band
Shall revive on every breeze
"The freedom of our native land,
The freedom of the seas!"

SONG OF THE PESTILENCE.

THERE is silence where late
Was the roar of the mart,
As the whisper of fate,
As the hush of the heart,
When the conqueror of life
Lays his chill on the breast,
And the brain from its strife
Sinks for ever to rest.

There is not a sound
In the shop—in the mill:
The wheel goes not round;
The hammer lies still.
There 's a solemn repose,
There 's a fearful accord,
Such as faith only throws
O'er the day of the Lord.

They raise not the steam,
They spread not the sail,
Tho' high foams the stream,
Tho' freshens the gale ;
The keel and the oar
Are asleep on the wave,
And the desolate shore
Is as mute as the grave.

The steer roams the mead
Without labor or thrall,
And the generous steed
Is at rest in the stall ;
The plough doth half-way
Mid the furrow remain,
And the reapers delay
Ere they gather the grain.

And woman is weeping,
And manhood is bowed,
And mourners are keeping
Their watch by the shroud :
From the land is withdrawn
Every sound, every breath,
Save where slowly moves on
The processions of death :

There are ships on the seas
That will come not to shore,
For I 've tainted the breeze
And the billows that bore;
The waves felt the doom
Of my wings as I past,
And a shadow of gloom
O'er the ocean was cast.

Ha! ha! how the thieves
Love to prowl in my train!
How the old miser grieves
As he clutches his gain,
When he feels that his grasp
On his treasure grows cold,
And sinks with a gasp
O'er his powerless gold!

Ha! heard ye that scream?
'Tis the middle of night,
Yet the street and the stream
Are all ruddy with light;
They fly from their home,
Whence in terror it came,
For the porch and the dome
Are enveloped in flame.

Ah! vainly that shout
On the breezes may swell,
Or in thunder ring out
The wild tones of the bell
O'er death's silent pillow
That cry is in vain;
Roll on thou red billow
There 's none to restrain.

In vain from his hearth
Shall the recreant fly;
I 've infected the earth,
I have poison'd the sky;
Destruction is shower'd
O'er my terrible path,
Like the curse that is pour'd
By the Angel of wrath.

No banners are streaming,
No trumpets are blown,
No sabres are gleaming,
No lances are thrown;
Yet thick as the slain
Where the battle is red,
The hills and the plain
Have I cover'd with dead.

As the bolt that has motion
Where lightnings are warm;
As the waves of the ocean;
The wrecks of the storm;
The scourge of the world,
I must wander abroad
Till my pinions are furl'd
At the bidding of God.

THE SONG OF LIGHTNING.

AWAY! away! through the sightless air
Stretch forth your iron thread!
For I would not dim my sandals fair
With the dust ye tamely tread!
Ay, rear it up on its million piers—
Let it circle the world around—
And the journey ye make in a hundred years
I'll clear at a single bound!

Tho' I cannot toil, like the groaning slave
Ye have fetter'd with iron skill
To ferry you over the boundless wave,
Or grind in the noisy mill,
Let him sing his giant strength and speed!
Why, a single shaft of mine
Would give that monster a flight indeed,
To the depths of the ocean's brine!

No! no! I 'm the spirit of light and love!

To my unseen hand 'tis given

To pencil the ambient clouds above

And polish the stars of heaven!

I scatter the golden rays of fire

On the horizon far below,

And deck the sky where storms expire

With my red and dazzling glow.

The deepest recesses of earth are mine;

I traverse its silent core;

Around me the starry diamonds shine,

And the sparkling fields of ore:

And oft I leap from my throne on high

To the depths of the ocean caves,

Where the fadeless forests of coral lie

Far under the world of waves.

My being is like a lovely thought

That dwells in a sinless breast;

A tone of music that ne'er was caught;

A word that was ne'er express'd!

I dwell in the bright and burnish'd halls

Where the fountains of sunlight play,

Where the curtain of gold and opal falls

O'er the scenes of the dying day.

With a glance I cleave the sky in twain;
I light it with a glare,
When fall the boding drops of rain
Through the darkly-curtain'd air:
The rock-built towers, the turrets gray,
The piles of a thousand years,
Have not the strength of potter's clay
Beneath my glittering spears.

From the Alps' or the Andes' highest crag,
From the peaks of eternal snow,
The blazing folds of my fiery flag
Illumine the world below.
The earthquake heralds my coming power,
The avalanche bounds away,
And howling storms at midnight's hour
Proclaim my kingly sway.

Ye tremble when my legions come—
When my quivering sword leaps out
O'er the hills that echo my thunder drum
And rend with my joyous shout.
Ye quail on the land or upon the seas
Ye stand in your fear aghast,
To see me burn the stalworth trees
Or shiver the stately mast.

The hieroglyphs on the Persian wall—
The letters of high command —
Where the prophet read the tyrant's fall,
Were traced by my burning hand.
And oft in fire have I wrote, since then,
What angry Heaven decreed ;
But the sealed eyes of sinful men,
Were all too blind to read.

At length the hour of light is here,
And kings no more shall bind,
Nor bigots crush with craven fear,
The forward march of mind.
The words of Truth and Freedom's rays
Are from my pinions hurl'd ;
And soon the light of better days
Shall rise upon the world.

But away ! away ! through the sightless air
Stretch forth your iron thread !
For I would not dim my sandals fair
With the dust ye tamely tread !
Ay ! rear it up on its thousand piers—
Let it circle the world around—
And the journey ye make in a hundred years
I'll clear at a single bound.

THE PRESS.

SOUL of the world ! the Press ! the Press !

What wonders hast thou wrought !
Thou rainbow realm of mental bliss ;
Thou starry sky of thought !
As dew unto the thirsty flowers ;
As the blessed light of heaven ;
And widely as the summer showers,
Thy silent aid is given.

Yet, canst thou flame upon the earth
Like the dread volcano's glow ;
And tyrants trembled at thy birth
As at an earthquake's throe.
Hast thou not lit the darkest land,
And broke the fellest chain
That despot's red accursed hand
Shall never forge again ?

Another sun ! Thy brightness rose
O'er the dark benighted world,
And on thy panic-stricken foes
Thy lightning flashes hurl'd.
Dark Superstition crouch'd where'er
Thy thunder scathing fell;
And the murderous bigot quaked with fear,
As at the flames of hell !

And priestly craft and kingly power
Have striven to bind thee down;
But ah, how low beneath thee cower
The mitre and the crown !
Thy nod can lop the proudest head;
The world thy sceptre owns;
The path thou dost to glory tread,
That path is paved with thrones ;

Yet art thou gentle as the breeze —
The latest breath of day ;
But chainless as the mighty seas,
In thy resistless sway.
At thy command the seals were broke
That bound the mighty deep ;
And liberty and truth awoke
From centuries of sleep,

When forth to every sinful shore
That man in darkness trod,
Thy bright and speeding pinions bore
The beacon words of God.
The sage's lamp, the muse's lyre;
Thou brought'st o'er ocean's foam;
The stellar light of vestal fire;
The eloquence of Rome.

Then music rose in Runic climes,
And the isles of barbarous seas
First heard Athenia's words sublime —
Thy words, Demosthenes!
And Plato's lore, and Sappho's lay,
O'er other lands were borne,
Where late were heard the wild foray
And the hunter's winding horn.

Thou flag of truth! Thy folds have stream'd
O'er many a field of blood;
And o'er the wreck of empires gleam'd,
Like the rainbow o'er the flood:
The patriot's eye still turns to thee,
And hails thee from afar,
As the wanderer of the trackless sea
Hath hail'd his guiding star.

Thou torch of hope! Thy blaze shall burn
O'er millions yet to be,
And flame above the funeral urn
Of bonds and slavery!
The world already hails thy light,
As the Chaldeans of old,
When flashing o'er the clouds of night
The Star of Bethlehem roll'd.

Like the letters on the Persian wall,
But plainer to be read,
Is thy ever-bright and burning scroll,
That tyrants mark with dread.
O'er sceptre, throne, and diadem
Hang thy portentous glare —
Like the sword o'er lost Jerusalem,
Suspended in the air.

While to the hearthstone of the hall
And to the cottage hearth
Thou bring'st a daily festival
Of nameless—priceless worth,
Thou lightest up the pallid cheek
Of the deserted poor,
And to the captive, worn and weak,
Openest the prison door.

O ever in thy banner bright,
Let truth and virtue blend !
Be ever — ever — in the right !
Be ever labor's friend !
His strong and honest arm shall be
Thy bulwark in distress ;
God bless the land of liberty !
God save our country's press !

NEVER.

"I may be asked, as I have been asked, when I am for the dissolution of the Union? I answer: Never—never—never!"—HENRY CLAY.

You ask me when I'd rend the scroll
Our fathers' names are written o'er;
When I would see our flag unroll
Its mingled stars and stripes no more;
When with a worse than felon hand
Or felon counsel, I would sever
The Union of this glorious land;
I answer: Never—never—never!

Think ye that I could brook to see
The banner I have loved so long,
Borne piecemeal o'er the distant sea;
Torn, trampled by a frenzied throng;
Divided, measured, parcell'd out;
Tamely surrender'd up for ever,
To gratify a soulless route
Of traitors? Never—never—never!

Give up this land to lawless might
To selfish fraud and villain sway;

Obscure those hopes with endless night
That now are rising like the day;
Write one more page of burning shame
To prove the useless, vain endeavor
Our race from ruin to reclaim,
And close the volume? Never—never.

On yonder lone and lovely steep,
The sculptor's art, the builder's power,
A landmark o'er the soldier's sleep,
Have rear'd a lofty funeral tower;
There it will stand until the river
That rolls beneath shall cease to flow,
Aye, till that hill itself shall quiver
With nature's last convulsive throes.

Upon that column's marble base,
That shaft that soars into the sky,
There still is room enough to trace
The countless millions yet to die!
And I would cover all its hight
And breadth, before that hour of shame
Till space should fail whereon to write
Even the initials of a name.*

* Mr. Clay's very words, as he pointed to the monument that stands upon the hight near Frankfort, above the slain of Buena Vista, including the remains of his own son.

Dissolve the Union ! mar, remove
The last asylum that is known,
Where patriots find a brother's love,
And truth may shelter from a throne !
Give up the hopes of high renown,
The legacy our fathers will'd !
Tear our victorious eagles down
Before their mission is fulfill'd !

Dissolve the Union—while the earth
Has yet a tyrant to be slain !
Destroy our freedom in its birth,
And give the world to bonds again !
Dissolve the Union ! God of Heaven !
We know too well how much it cost :
A million bosoms shall be riven
Before one golden link is lost.

Nay, spread aloft our banner folds
High as the heavens they resemble,
That every race this planet holds
Beneath their shadow may assemble,
And with the rainbow's dazzling pride
Or clouds that burn along the skies,
Inscribe upon its margin wide
HOPE, FREEDOM, UNION, COMPROMISE.

HENRY CLAY.*

THOU art not fallen, Eagle One!
As cloudless and as bright
Thy starry name still glitters on
In glory's solar light,
As when above the din of arms
Thy trumpet accents rose —
A tocsin at whose wild alarms,
Thy countrymen arose;

And rallying to each hill and plain,
To every sea and shore,
They won those victories o'er again
Their fathers won of yore.
Or when from out the Senate hall
Thy name—a spell—went forth
To bid the Southern banners fall
To calm the raging North;

* It may be necessary to observe that the ode to the Honorable Henry Clay was written and published immediately after the close of his last Presidential canvass, under the influence of those strong and abiding emotions that moment was so well calculated to inspire.

When gather'd up thy mighty hand
The fragments of that chain—
The union of this glorious land—
And bound its links again.
Thou art not fallen, faithful one!
Thy name is still sublime,
Not in thy native land alone,
But many a distant clime!

Where Freedom struggles with her chains
In southern lands afar,
A halo round thy memory reigns
That rivals Bolivar.
And in those memorable isles
Where Liberty had birth;
Where still a sky of glory smiles,
O'er ever-classic earth,

Upon the breeze thy name hath flown,
A talisman of bliss,
And mingles there with Marathon,
Thermop'læ, Salamis.
Dear as the flag our sires unfurl'd
To wave o'er land and sea,
Thy name is hail'd throughout the world,
Thou guardian of the free!

Thou art not fallen, glorious one!
And now the struggle 's o'er,
Kentucky hails her noble son
As proudly as before;
And joys to know that even now,
When slander's worst is done,
They could not tear from off thy brow
The wreaths already won.

The petty power by party lent
A nameless nominee!
The empty title—President!
What could they add to thee?
Go, place new colors in the skies;
Add to each star a ray;
Give to the rainbow fresher dyes;
More light to the god of day:
But deem not ye can ever mar
Or decorate a name
So long the bright and polar star
Upon the sky of fame!

SONG OF THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

O BEAR me forth to each distant land,
And the scenes that ye so deplore —
The midnight blaze, the incendiary's brand
Shall ravage the world no more.
Where your burning palaces light the skies
Like a signal of doom and death,
The flame that your utmost strength defies
I'll quench with a single breath.

No more shall an Ilium in ashes lay,
Or the walls of a Moscow glow,
Where captive armies are led away,
Or buried in polar snow.
By the power that dwells in my viewless arm,
I'll render your race secure
From this wide destruction and wild alarm,
While the universe shall endure.

How oft from my home in the silent deep,
Where the sun no radiance flings,
Where the grim and terrible earthquakes sleep
In the night of my sable wings,
Have I mark'd the efforts ye vainly made,
When the hosts of the fire-fiend came
With his marshall'd columns of smoke array'd,
And his banners of bursting flame.

How oft have I seen your peaceful homes
With the hues of the evening red;
The morning came, and a hundred domes
With the dreams of the night were fled.
The blacken'd ruins remain'd to tell
Where your costly halls had stood,
And the piercing storms of the winter fell
On a shelterless multitude.

A ship I saw on the heaving main,
She had baffled the howling storm;
She had 'scaped the fearful hurricane
That grappled her noble form;
With a tranquil sea and a favoring gale,
With her helm in a trusty hand,
She bore away 'neath a press of sail
For the shores of her native land.

But sudden a dark and fearful wreath
O'er her flying tafferel curl'd,
And the flames leap'd up from the hold beneath,
Like fiends from the penal world.
Her glowing canvas strew'd the blast,
Like the trail of malignant stars;
And the light far over the ocean cast,
Was the blaze of her burning spars.

But the day of that triumph at last is here,
Which so long I have sigh'd to hail;
And never again on this lovely sphere
Shall the blight of this fiend prevail.
The breath of my power the world shall free;
The flames shall destroy no more;
For I will be master of every sea,
And the guardian of every shore;

The hand of science that called me forth
My sceptre shall now obey;
From the curse of this ruin I'll shield the earth
Till the planets themselves decay;
Till the solemn end of that final day,
When the stars from heaven shall fall,
And I myself shall be swept away
In the fire that consumeth all.

Then bear me forth to each distant land
And the scenes that ye so deplore —
The midnight blaze — the incendiary's brand —
Shall ravage the world no more.
When your burning palaces light the skies,
Like a signal of doom and death,
The flame that your utmost strength defies
I'll quench with a single breath.

THE DEATH OF OSCEOLA.

Tis winter ; but a southern sky
A southern sun illumes,
Where soft the tropic zephyrs sigh,
And bright the orange blooms ;
The city's joyous shade is given
Back from the glossy stream,
As gorgeous as the clouds of heaven
And tranquil as a dream.

But, list ! from out yon distant tower,
Like night-wind's fitful flow
Within some lone and leafless bower,
The captives' wail of wo !
Ay ! from those dark embattled cells,
O'er the water's sunny sweep,
Even now the voice of sorrow swells
From those who rarely weep.

Yes, from a wild and eagle race
Free as the ocean's foam,
The wilderness their dwelling place
The mountain's side their home;
With souls that torture may not move,
With lips that smile at fate,
Undying is their changeless love,
And quenchless is their hate.

The 've gather'd round a warrior's bier,
Those forest children now,
And gently put the raven hair
From off his marble brow.
Ah! fondly do they hope to trace
Some memory lingering there,
Some line upon that glorious face
That death still deigns to spare.

Oh God! how beautiful is death
With features of such mould;
To those who watch the fleeting breath,
How fair, but O how cold!
Is this the lip, whose lightest word
Roused like the bugle's cry?
Is this the eye, whose glance hath fir'd
The ranks of victory?

Is this the same, this gentle form,
That late so glorious tower'd
The giant of the battle storm
That o'er his country lower'd?
The hand that in the red array
So fearfully hath dealt
The lightning of the battle fray
That shiver'd armies felt?

No solemn notes of martial wo;
No forming army's hum;
No half-furl'd banner's weeping flow;
No roll of muffled drum;
No minute-gun's lone sobbing tone,
O'er tower and bastion hurl'd,
As erst when to the sky hath flown
The war-gods of the world.

'Tis well! for what hath pomp, or power,
War's crimson panoply,
Or science, earth's almighty dower,
Wherewith to honor thee?
Give these to men of christian birth,
Who, for such hollow things,
Deluge with christian blood the earth—
To kings and slaves of kings.

'Tis well! for in his glorious name
All other names grow dim;
Then what is form or trophied fame!
O what are they to him!
Enough, to know at freedom's call
He bled at every vein,
Then pined within a prison wall,
And shrank beneath a chain.

But listen to a people's cry
You've wrong'd for many a year;
No more let interest shroud your eye,
Or avarice close your ear;
From many a mountain altar
It swells on every breeze;
O let your steel'd hearts falter
To accents such as these:

“Did we not own this glorious land,
Each mountain, lake, and river?
Were they not from Thy sacred hand,
Our heritage for ever?
Where tombs arise and harvest waves
Our childhood used to stray;
We scarce can find our fathers' graves—
Our fathers—where are they?

Like snow beneath Thy fiery glance,
Like dew in Thy garments' ray,
Like bubbles that o'er the ocean dance,
Our tribes are swept away!
Father of Heaven! We faint, we fall,
Like leaves on some lonely flood;
And the earth beneath our conqueror's hall
Still reeks with Thy children's blood."

THE BURNING BOAT.

AT midnight, o'er the lonely stream
Came a sound of rushing keels;
The rapid shocks of exploding steam,
And the storm of paddle wheels,
As two huge boats o'er the waters rave,
Mid their furnaces' ruddy glare,
Like island cities o'er the wave,
Or castles through the air.

And swift as the comet's fiery track
O'er the shadowy realms of space,
They hurl'd the eddying currents back,
In their mighty and fearful race;
On, on, like the lightning's glare, they sweep,
While each grand and gorgeous form
Is imaged on the affrighted deep,
Like the clouds of the sunset storm.

The steed who at morn the air outflies,
Ere night becomes oppress'd ;
And the eagle from the upper skies
Stoops down to the earth for rest.
But what is a thousand miles in length ;
Think ye that space can tire
Their thundering engine's iron strength,
Their breath of crackling fire ?

On, on, with the nameless speed of light,
And a voice like a mighty wind !
The path, before them calm and bright,
Is crush'd to foam behind !
The wild-fowl, startled from the shore,
Flew screaming through the sky ;
And the woodman sprang to his cabin door,
As they swept like a tempest by.

Heaven guard them in their fearful strife,
For theirs is a priceless freight ;
A thousand forms of human life—
The humble and the great ;
There, angel beauty, rock'd to rest,
Is slumbering in her berth,
As calm as if her fair limbs press'd
The couch by her father's hearth.

The mother, won from her fond alarms,
Her vigil has ceased to keep,
With her infant nestling in her arms,
Is smiling in her sleep ;
Stern manhood, too, with cares oppress'd,
An exile doom'd to roam,
Is bless'd in this balmy hour of rest,
For he dreams of his distant home !

There wealth, at ease on heaps of down,
In sheets of lawn is roll'd —
In visions of state and high renown,
And piles of sparkling gold !
And there the trader's wasted frame
On the dark cold deck is lain,
As home with joy, through storm and flame,
He hastes with his scanty gain.

He 's dreaming perchance of his peaceful cot,
And his fields beside the burn,
Where the partner of his humble lot
Will smile at his return.
On! swift as the dusky condor's flight,
Those barks like meteors flew ;
While echoed the vault of the starless night
With the cheers of each rival crew.

By heaven, there 's not a sight more fair
Than they thus careering on ;
But ah ! what means that awful glare ?
It cannot be the dawn ;
For vesper's sable wings are furl'd
O'er the day-god's fiery car ;
The orient smiles not on the world ;
'Tis night, without a star.

But list ! a wild explosion loud,
And flames on flames are driven
High as the mountain's lava shroud,
When it fires the clouds of heaven ;
A cry through the sable welkin floats,
Of death and anguish dire,
And the proudest of those gallant boats
Is a floating funeral pyre !

Like a war-steed in the battle flame,
She paws the hissing tide,
No reins her frantic course to tame,
No living hand to guide ;
But who shall paint the effort made
The distant shore to gain ?
How gentle woman shriek'd for aid,
And shriek'd, O God ! in vain ?

How infancy and helpless years
Leap'd from the glowing deck;
While fainting crowds o'ercome with fears,
Go down with the burning wreck?
How, when the morning's ray of gold
Illumed that mighty river,
It o'er their shroudless corpses roll'd
As it shall roll for ever?

THE TREASURE.

IN the Duke of Montra's palace high
A thousand torches burn'd,
For the Duke with pomp and revelry
In triumph had return'd.
Along the walls rich armor gleam'd,
And priceless gobelins shone,
And the hues of Persian carpets seem'd
Too fair to tread upon.

Rare vases many flowers confined,
That gave their breath of love,
Like incense—to the paintings shrined
In their golden frames above;
And life-like statues through the room,
And jewel'd tripods stood;
And censers fragrant with perfume
From burning sandal wood;

And standing in that spacious hall
Were tables covered o'er
And heap'd to crown the festival
From many a distant shore.
Upon the lofty sideboard spread
The massive plate did glow ;
In crystal rare the wine was red
And glass of Murano ;

And Venice mirrors, broad and tall,
Made all the scene their own —
The tap'stries on the marble wall,
The lights, the ducal throne ;
While through the lattice, like a dream,
Soft music floated o'er,
And shades, like clouds upon a stream,
Fell on the lighted floor.

All was now ready — bin and board
Were waiting ; and full soon
The noble and the gifted pour'd
Into that gay saloon.
With robes from famed Genoa looms
Bright as the morning skies ;
And rustling silks, and waving plumes,
And diamond broideries.

Kind words and gratulations fell
From courtly lips that hour ;
The Duke had gain'd, they knew full well,
Another step in power !
Wit sparkled, and the laugh went round ;
Joy wet their cheeks with tears,
As they pledged to music's sweetest sound
The wine of a hundred years.

Proudly the Duke replied ; but then
His brow grew dark in wrath,
And his cheek grew pale as the lordly when
A traitor mars their path ;
“ Wherefore is this,” demanded he ;
“ When did my first-born learn
To offer this foul insult to me,
Or dare my gift to spurn ?”

In haste disturb'd at what was done,
The princely crowd rose up ;
The angry parent show'd his son
With a full untasted cup.
The boy sprang from his costly seat,
Tore off his starry crown,
And humbly at his father's feet
In tears of grief knelt down.

Father, he said, I learn'd last night
A truth that made me start;
A horror that might well affright
An older, sterner heart:
Let me relate it, then decree
On tears of blood to sup;
Tho' death in every drop may be,
I'll drain the fatal cup.

Last night I saw a laborer stand
Where fumes of wine do wreak
He held within his trembling hand
The earnings of a week;
His wife was near him; on her breast
A dying babe she bore;
And, famishing, two others prest
Her knees, and wept full sore.

The laugh, the jeer, the vulgar jest,
Within that den prevail'd;
The blasphemy of men unblest
Her gentle ear assail'd.
With tears that wife entreated long
He would not enter there,
But the demon of his thirst was strong,
He heeded not her prayer.

We passed on farther—and there came
From his home a citizen
Who should have worn a wreath of fame,
But wore the scorn of men.
We saw him in the twilight dim
Steal from his hearth away,
Tho' she that gazed long after him
Was fair as dawning day.

Long midst the lonely splendor there
Her restless feet did stray;
Her lovely hands were clasp'd in prayer
For him that was away
Return'd, that manly bosom lay
Without a sign of life,
And weeping o'er his worthless clay
A broken-hearted wife !

Again : Before a palace old
We saw a carriage rest ;
There flamed upon its burnish'd gold
A gemm'd and ducal crest ;
Above its steeds the moonlight stream'd,
And o'er their harness rare,
That thick with priceless jewels gleam'd
And sparkled in the air.

We paused to see the duke alight;
He gave no orders then;
But soon there came in pale affright
A troop of serving-men:
We saw, as through the stately door
His drooping form was borne,
His ermined robe was soiled with gore,
His plumed cap was torn.

The diamond orders on his breast
No more the eye did meet,
And stains were on his snowy vest
Of many trampling feet.
His pallid children near him crept,
As they sadly bore him in,
And his fair and noble duchess wept
Like the wife of the citizen.

Ah, father! I could not divine
What so much sorrow meant;
My tutor said 'twas the work of wine
In its demon merriment;
That for every drop that so gaily leaps
And bubbling sparkles here,
Some aching heart in sorrow weeps
Full many a burning tear.

I shudder'd, father, and in my soul
Resolved that ne'er again
The fiendish Spirit of the bowl
Should revel o'er my brain;
Lest I like those more strong and wise
Beneath its power should fall,
To be named with things the good despise,
A slave in its burning thrall.

The Duke gazed fondly on his child,
His loved, his earliest born;
His stately lip in triumph smiled,
That had been wreath'd with scorn;
He laid his hand upon his head
That there so humbly bow'd,
And anger from his forehead fled,
As flees the summer cloud.

“No, no, my son, thou shalt not taste—
Tis a fearful thing in sooth—
A poison that thy soul would waste;
Thy tutor told the truth.
It fires the brain, it darkens thought,
There is nor tongue nor pen
Can tell the ruin it hath wrought,
The curse that it hath been.”

He gazed around upon each face
The heart's approval smiled ;
And proud the haughty sire embraced
His true, his lovely child :
"Thou hast a noble boy," they said
To the delighted Duke ;
"And never from our hearts will fade
His firm and just rebuke."

Full many a year has passed away,
And o'er that banquet scene
Mid ruin flits the owlet gray,
And twines the ivy green.
But princely hands with pious care
Those gems have treasured up ;
And far the richest treasure there
Is that untasted cup !

BUENA VISTA.

BUENA VISTA! thou hast smil'd
Like the shores of orient waves,
But now thou art a dreary wild—
A fearful waste of graves.
All blacken'd is the verdure there
Where fell the purple rain;
The vulture sniffs the tainted air,
The wolf howls o'er the slain.

And where thy hacienda rose,
Amidst the linden leaves,
The weary pilgrim sought repose
Beneath its friendly eaves;
Where the aloe and the orange bloom
With fragrance fill'd the air,
The willow and the cypress gloom
Now wave in silence there.

No more that hospitable grove
In all thy vale is found ;
No voice, but of the mourning dove,
Now breaks the silence round ;
The very roof-tree of the hall
Is level with the hearth ;
The fragments of thy chapel wall
Are strewed upon the earth.

We saw thee when the morning spread
Her purple wings on high —
Beheld at dawn thy mountains dread,
Like clouds against the sky ;
And we mark'd thy fairy meadows,
And thy streamlet's silver sheen,
Beneath their lofty shadows,
Along the dark ravine.

But ah ! we saw another hue
Spread o'er thy lordly dell,
When cannon shook thy sky of blue,
And war's dread lightning fell ;
When darkness clothed the morning ray,
And dimm'd thy mountains high ;
When the fire that kindled up the day
Went out upon the sky.

Upon their arms that weary night
Our soldiery had lain,
And many dream'd those visions bright
They ne'er shall dream again :
Of maidens of the snowy brow,
Of sisters, pale with care,
Of wives, who for our safety bow
Their loveliness in prayer ;

Of venerable sires, who stand
Beneath the cares of state ;
The mothers of our native land ;
Our children's artless prate :
Of quiet vales, of sacred domes,
Far o'er the heaving sea ;
The cheerful hearts, the happy homes,
Our own proud land, of thee !

But sudden on each drowsy ear,
O'er thy dark caverns roll'd
The notes of death to craven fear—
The music of the bold.
The foe ! the foe ! along thy pass,
His locust horde appears ;
We saw the sheen of his cuirass—
The glitter of his spears.

As stars that stud the milky way,
His glittering lances shine ;
And the banners of his long array
Were as the sun's decline.
The sky grew darker o'er them,
And murmur'd low and dread ;
And the solid earth before them,
Was clouds beneath their tread.

We gazed upon the iris streams—
The stars, whose diamond ray
Upon our Union banner beams—
Shall they come down to-day ?
No ! by our country's sacred call !
No ! by thy graceful waves !
No ! no ! thy stars shall never fall
But on our shroudless graves !

Then with one fearful wild hurrah,
The solemn hills rang out ;
And Echo, from her caves afar,
Sent back the startling shout :
The foe recoil'd, his glittering ranks
O'er all that vale were bright,
Like a stream that floods its lofty banks
Beneath the starry night.

They halt, and forth on foaming steeds,
And banners flowing white;
St. Anna's herald forward speeds
A parley to invite:
"Our General, in his meekness
And mercy, hath designed.
In pity of your weakness,
To treat you very kind.

"He knows how feeble is your strength—
How poorly arm'd ye are;
'Tis certain ye must yield at length,
Or madly perish there!
To end at once your foolish hopes,
To make this statement clear
Know that three thousand chosen troops
Are posted in your rear.

"He hath four and twenty cannon here,
And twenty thousand men,
To pour the lava tide of war
Along this narrow glen:
Then yield ye, prisoners of his grace,
And spare the loss of blood,
Or he'll sweep you from before his face,
As foam before the flood."

“Here, May, go thou invite him;
Ye need not tarry long;
Tell him that I would fight him
Were he fifty times as strong.”
Thus answer’d Rough and Ready;
One hurrah rent the sky!
And our ranks grew firm and steady
Beneath his eagle eye.

Then came their cymbals’ ringing clash,
Shrill fife, and rolling drum;
The opening cannon’s thunder-crash,
The wildly rending bomb;
Up rose their sable flag, and cast
Its stain upon the breeze,
Like that which from the rover’s mast
Sheds terror o’er the seas.

We saw it, and we inly swore
By Him in whom we trust,
Tho’ red with our last drop of gore,
To trail it in the dust.
How well that promise has been kept,
Ye who would seek to know,
Go ask the kindred who have wept
O’er trampled Mexico.

The trumpet sounds; the foe moves on
Along the mountain crag;
Then burst thy earthquake, Washington!
And roar'd thy thunder, Bragg!
Then swift thy wheels, O'Brien, came
Along the deep defile;
And soon before their lightning flame
Lay many a ghastly pile!

Then Lincoln, of the fiery glance,
Bestrode his matchless steed;
And May, who ever fells a lance
As lightning fells a reed;
And veteran Wool the heady fight
As nobly did sustain,
As if the glow of Queenstown Hight
Had fired his soul again.

There Marshall urged his foaming steeds,
With spur and flowing rein—
And many a lancer flying bleeds,
And many bite the plain;
And there brave Mississippi stands
Amidst the sheeted flame,
And rapid fall their ruthless bands,
Before her deadly aim.

The cloud that threaten'd in the sky,
Has burst upon the plain—
And channels, that so late were dry,
Are swollen, but not with rain;
Young Indiana holds the hight,
Brave Illinois has charged,
And Arkansas within the fight
Her glory has enlarged.

Still downward from the dizzy hight
Their gleaming masses reel,
A Niagara in resistless might—
An avalanche of steel;
Still on their mighty columns move,
The plain is cover'd o'er—
The sky is black with clouds above,
The earth is red with gore.

Then gleam'd aloft thy polished brand,
O loved and lost McKee!
And we heard thy steady clear command,
"Kentucky, charge with me!"
As o'er the crackling forest spread
Volcanic fires of old,
With flaming steel and bounding tread,
Our ranks upon them roll'd.

Then deeper still the cannon peal'd,
And flamed the musketry ;
And redder blush'd the crimson field,
And darker grew the day ;
But soon before our fiery check
The iron storm roll'd back,
And left, O God ! a mournful wreck
Along its fearful track !

With brows in death more gloomy,
Amidst the sanguine dews,
Lay the Guards of Montezuma,
And the Knights of Vera Cruz ;
And many a cloven helmet,
And shatter'd spear around,
And drum, and crimson'd bayonet,
And banner, strew'd the ground.

Still our standard in its glory
Waved o'er the sulphur storm ;
But 'neath it, stiff and gory,
Lay many a noble form.
Mingled in death's cold embrace
There friend and foe appears,
While o'er them bends full many a face
That streams with burning tears.

Oh God ! who could but weep to see
On the red and trampled lawn
Thy form, impetuous, brave McKee,
And thine heroic Vaughn,
As gather'd up our little bands
Their comrades where they fell,
And bore along, with gory hands,
A Lincoln, Harden, Yell !

And oh ! what language can impart
The sorrow of that day —
The grief that wrung each manly heart
For thee, young Henry Clay !
The memory of that glorious strife
Will live in future years,
To us the darkest page of life —
The deepest source of tears.

We saw thee, when the countless horde
Closed round thee from afar,
And through the smoke thy gleaming sword
Became our guiding star ;
We follow'd till before their might
Our feeble ranks were riven ;
Even then thy face was beaming bright
As if 't were lit from heaven.

We saw their steel above thy head
Flash like a radiant crown ;
And, like a bolt by lightning sped,
Thy sabre cleave them down ;
And where the fiery tempest pour'd
Thy hand still waved us on ;
There still thy trumpet voice was heard ;
There still thy sword was drawn.

And when the shout of victory
Rang in thy warrior ears,
'Twas a triumph to the foe to see
Thy blood upon their spears ;
But a mournful shade came back again
Upon their features wild,
To see the gory heaps of slain
Thy single arm had piled.

O Buena Vista ! when the sun
Set o'er the battle cloud,
The sulphur vapors, dark and dun,
Lay o'er thee like a shroud ;
And the wounded and the dying
O'er all thy hills were strewn,
And the red path of the flying
Was lighted by the moon.

THE FIREMAN.

THERE is stern pleasure in the shock of war,
The wheeling squadron, and the bayonet's jar,
When martial lines their gleaming fronts enlarge,
And the earth reels beneath their fiery charge!
When battle smoke lowers darkly o'er the land
Where bleeding Freedom makes her firmest stand,
Our flag of heaven with burning bars shall glow,
And flash its starry terrors on the foe!
The glittering sabre and the dancing plume
Shall charm the icy terrors of the tomb;
The musket's flame, the rocket's lurid glare,
And culv'rin bursting on the midnight air;
The trumpet's clangor, and the drum's deep roll,
And booming cannons, fire the warrior's soul!
To know he struggles in a holy cause—
For God—his country—liberty and laws;
To see the foe's thinn'd ranks in terror fly;
To hear from gory lips the shout of victory;

For Freedom's realm—the freest 'neath the sky—
Our own dear native land—O it were joy to die!

But the poor Fireman, in the direst hour,
Is doom'd to combat a more fearful power,
Without the inspiration he would feel
Midst banner'd hosts and gleaming ranks of steel.
When fiery columns o'er our homes arise,
With their red horror streaming in the skies,
Too oft, alas! he sinks amidst the flame
Unmark'd by history and unknown to fame;
For the dire foe with whom he battles there
A fallen hero ne'er was known to spare;
His tameless warfare will no pris'ners save,
And to the vanquish'd e'en denies a grave.

O blessed hour! O precious time of rest,
Dear to the weary and the mourning breast!
The winds are hushed; the city hath no sound
Save the lone clock that measures life's short round,
Or the blithe cricket singing in the dark,
Where the swept hearth emits no cheering spark.
The fireman sleeps; and in his sunny dream,
A cottage stands beside a purling stream;
A group of pleasure and becoming mirth,
His babes—his partner—cheer its social hearth;

While trees of glowing fruit, all fenced about,
And fields of ripening corn, are seen without;
His horse—his dog—sleep 'neath the sunny wall,
And a blue sky is bending o'er them all.

But hark! There bursts upon his startled ear
A cry that fills the very soul with fear,
Swelling each instant louder, clearer, higher,
Till earth and heaven reverberate—fire! fire!
He wakes to see the cinders pour on high,
Like a volcano bursting in the sky,
While ringing bells confirm his waking fear,
And the hoarse trumpet thunders in his ear.
No time has he for parley or delay,
His hat—his ready coat—away, away!
Springs from the threshold of his quiet home,
Mounts o'er the ladder to the blazing dome,
Where soon he stands upon the dizzy hight,
And wields the torrent with a giant's might;
Or works the engine in the icy street,
Amidst the rushing storm, the driving sleet,
Till the sharp frost unnerves his willing hands,
Or piercing winds have frozen him where he stands.

A cry within those fiery walls is heard!
What aid, alas, can human strength afford?
Flames are devouring each devoted room,
Fierce as the living Hindoo's burning tomb;

A suffocating darkness loads the air;
The ceiling glows, and crackling flames the stair.
No time for thought! Amidst the fire he leaps!
His daring feet have passed the scorching steps.
Blind — breathless — now he bursts the yielding door,
Springs to his prize o'er the consuming floor,
Then turning finds, too late, O God! too late!
He has but come to share the sufferer's fate.
One hideous glare that instant shoots around,
And the whole pile lies smouldering on the ground;
They sink together in one common grave —
The feeble there, and he who came to save.

INVOCATION.

WRITTEN DURING THE LATE CONTEST BETWEEN HUNGARY
AND AUSTRIA.

SPIRIT of truth, of love, and light!
Thou that hast ever faithful been
To cheer the long and stormy night
Of hope and God-abandon'd men;
Pilgrim, whose worn and bleeding feet
Have sought each joy-deserted place
Of earth, to shed thy visions sweet
Before our chain'd and burden'd race.

Scorner of dungeon, whip, and rack,
Thou only angel that remain'd
When weeping Mercy turned her back
Upon a world that crime had stained!
Thou tyrant-tamer, born in heaven,
To be the polar star of man;
Though moral earthquake, that hast riven
And trampled every bar and ban.

There's not a vale in all the world,
However dark, but thou hast trod;
There's not a hill but where has curl'd
Thy altar-fires, as to a God!
O'er forest field, or ocean wave,
Thy deathless peans have been heard;
The lion roars them in his cave,
They're shouted by the desert-bird.

Thou soul of all that's good and grand,
Thou essence of the great sublime,
Thou star of hope, thou beacon brand
That lights the onward march of time.
O Liberty! let tyrants start
And tremble at thy dread appeal,
Thou music of the patriot's heart
Midst rending fire and bristling steel!

The nations that so long have borne
A monarch's goading, galling sway,
Now in thy dreadful name have sworn
To dash their purple gyves away.
Before thee wanes full many a crown,
With all the wealth and gems they bore;
And thrones are daily crumbling down,
Whose splendor awed the world before.

Once more thy glorious arm appears—
O may it never shrink or yield
Till earth is free from servile tears,
Or forms one mighty battle-field!
Awake thy trump, that erst was blown
O'er Hellas' Isle—by Adria's shore—
That piled the dead at Marathon,
And dyed the Ægean sea with gore.

Rouse up the tiger—take all love
And pity from the human breast;
And for the peaceful brooding dove
Restore Medusa's Gorgon crest;
Let carnage, and the earthquake's power,
Disease and famine, stalk abroad,
Till tyranny itself shall cower
Beneath the awful scourge of God.

Roll on, till through the sulphur cloud
Bursts the consuming cities' glare;
When dungeons to the earth are bow'd,
And falling castles stun the air;
Roll on, till each accursed flag
Dishonest power has e'er unfurl'd
Shall bleach upon some desert crag,
The scoff and jeering of the world.

Roll, roll the drum, and draw the sword;
Let battle's deep-mouth'd thunder play,
Till Paynim serf and Northern horde
Are scatter'd in the fiery fray;
Till charging through the lurid storm
Another patriot Tell shall rise;
Or martyred Kosciusco's form
Shall flame approval from the skies.

ON THE DEATH OF GEN. WORTH.

O! LET the solemn minute-gun
Arouse the morning ray,
And only with the setting sun
In echoes die away!
O let our banner from the skies
Like autumn glories fall,
To shed its ever-cheering dyes
Around the sable pall!

The muffled drum, the wailing fife,
Ah! let them murmur low
O'er him, who was their breath of life,
The solemn notes of woe!
Their language can alone impart
The sorrow of the brave,
When the idol of the soldier's heart
Is follow'd to the grave.

At Chippewa, at Lundy's Lane,
At Polacaba's field,
Around him fell the crimson rain —
The battle thunder peal'd;
But proudly did the soldier gaze
Upon his daring form,
When charging thro' the cannon's blaze,
Amidst the sulphur storm.

Upon the Hights of Monterey
Again his flag unroll'd,
And when the grape-shot rent away
Its latest starry fold,
His plumed cap above his head
He waved upon the air,
And cheer'd the gallant troops he led
To glorious victory there!

But ah, the direful seal is broke!
In darkness walks abroad
The pestilence whose silent stroke
Is as the doom of God;
And the hero 'neath its fell decree
In death is sleeping now,
With the laurel wreath of victory
Still green upon his brow.

His monument shall be the roar
By old Niagara made ;
The waves on lonely Tampa's shore ;
The silent everglade ;
The tops of Orizaba white
With everlasting snow ;
Sierra Madre's lonely hight ;
The towers of Mexico.

Fair eyes shall weep his early doom ;
Fair hands shall often bring
And offer at his sacred tomb
The early flowers of spring ;
And with the ranks 'twas his to lead
Shall ever live his name,
While History treasures up a deed
That's worth eternal fame !

ON THE DEATH OF GEN. TAYLOR.

OH! can it be that thou art gone,
Whom death so often spared
Where hostile banners o'er thee shone
And crashing thunder glared?
Where southern skies at noon were black
And the earth beneath was red,
And cannon shook thy fearful track
Amidst the ghastly dead?

The trampling where battalions form,
The cannons' opening roar,
The gathering of the battle storm,
Shall rouse thee never more;
Yet ever when our stars shall flame
Upon the front of war,
A spell of hope and love, thy name
Shall be remember'd there.

As sets the radiant orb of even
With summer's hues o'ercast,
As fell the Pleiad star from heaven,
Still beaming to the last,
So thou without a single stain
From earth hath passed away,
Beneath thy virtue's cloudless train,
Thy glory's solar ray!

But who shall soften Freedom's woe
Or bid her tears depart,
When in the shroud lies still and low
The idol of her heart?
When drooping in her stateliest hall,
Where thou hast fallen asleep,
She puts aside the sable pall
O'er thy cold brow to weep?

Farewell! the glory thou hast won
Shall never pass away,
While glitter in the rising sun
The towers of Monterey;
Till darkness and eternal night
In cold oblivion frown
Where Buena Vista's mountain high
In dust has crumbled down.

Farewell! farewell, beloved chief,
Whose triumphs we have shared!
Oh! may it soothe a nation's grief
To know thou wast prepared:
That, true to all thy former years,
Thy pure unsullied mind
Knew no regret but for the tears
Of those thou'st left behind.

TO WASHINGTON.

ON VIEWING HIS PORTRAIT OVER THE PROSCENIUM OF THE
NATIONAL THEATER, CINCINNATI.

FATHER! when from this mimic scene
My eyes are turn'd to gaze on thee,
I fancy accents, calm, serene,
Proclaiming, "Be ye ever free!"

Like the still voice the prophet heard
Within the whirlwind's angry roar;
So here thy lips, without a word,
Thunder of freedom evermore.

As o'er full many a closing eye,
The patriarch rear'd the healing sign;
So has the artist rear'd on high
That placid godlike brow of thine:

Where those who doubt of Freedom's reign,
And dream of bonds and felon sway
May kindle up their hopes again
Beneath thine eye's immortal ray :

Nor here alone. That face divine,
'Tis on the humblest cabin wall;
It floats above the foaming brine ;
'Tis blazon'd in the Capitol.

Tis mingled with the glorious dyes
That form'd the standard of our sires ;
And with that fragment of the skies
Shall stream aloft till time expires.

The first that to our eye displays
In infancy the power of art,
The last on which we wish to gaze
When hope and vision's self depart.

Art thou not from the heaven above,
O'er us, thy children, gazing down,
As here we see thy face of love,
Without a cloud — without a frown ?

Shade of the mightiest and the best,
Thou model and thou god of men!
Say, can the race thy presence bless'd—
Oh, can they e'er be slaves again?

No, Father! no! Thy name shall shield
On mountain pass, or ocean wave,
On smoking wreck, or gory field,
That freedom which thy valor gave.

STANZAS:

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. PENDLETON OF WASHINGTON CITY, ON
HEARING HER SING THE NATIONAL SONG, "E PLURIBUS UNUM."

O SWEETER than the Æolian string
Unto the drowsy ear of night,
Or dulcet strains the zephyrs sing
To listening skies of starry light,
Is the melodious blessing felt,
The lingering sense of joy divine,
To hear the soul of music melt
Upon those seraph lips of thine.

Harmonious as the light guitar,
The accents of the silver lute,
Heard o'er the tranquil waves afar,
When every other sound is mute;
Yet glorious as the bugle notes,
The trumpet's peal, the wild hurrah,
Where thy own starry banner floats
Amidst the lurid clouds of war.

O would thy country all could see,
As I've beheld thee proudly stand,
Thou favor'd child of liberty,
Fair minstrel of my native land!
Would that where'er that flag unrolls
Its sparkling halo o'er the free,
Thy voice could reach their million souls
With its entrancing melody!

O blessings on thy gentle head,
Thou daughter of a patriot sire!
Long may thy glorious fingers shed
O'er Freedom's harp their kindling fire!
Long may thy notes of Freedom swell,
Thou Priestess of her holy shrine,
And her proud fame thou lov'st so well
Increase in lustre, joined with thine!

Like flowers that on volcanoes grow,
Where burning lava glows around,
Thy name, when war's red torrents flow,
Shall mingle with the trumpet's sound,
As long as each eternal word
Inscribed upon our banner bright,
O'er every plain of earth is heard,
And echoes from each mountain hight.

For me, although that sacred sign
Has ever had the warmest vow
That e'er has bound this heart of mine,
'Tis more than doubly precious now:
I ne'er its rainbow hues shall see,
Or mark its many stars arise,
But pure and thrilling thoughts of thee
Shall mingle with its gorgeous dyes.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

MASONIC.

BRING forth our victorious banner to-day !

Let its hues in the clouds be unfurl'd,
To garland the sky in their starry array,
Till they brighten all over the world.

Let the hights that are earliest crown'd by the blaze
That is pour'd from the urns of the morn
Re-echo the cannon that thunder with praise
At the hour our hero was born.

Tho' he waved not a sceptre, he wore not a crown,
Tho' he sought not the glare of a throne,
Yet the limits of glory and fadeless renown
Are fill'd with his grandeur alone !
As the twinkling stars o'er the heavens array'd
When approach'd by the sun's golden flame,
So the mightiest heroes of history fade
When approach'd by our Washington's name.

And ye, O, his brothers, who reverence the ties
Of that union so kindred and dear,
Whose links were let down from the throne in the
skies

To bind us in harmony here;
This day, while you join in the banquet and song,
Let remembrance rekindle your love
For him who is join'd with that radiant throng
In the Lodge that assembles above.

TO A PORTRAIT OF GEN. TAYLOR.

I'VE seen that face of matchless worth
Which thou hast traced so truly there,
Where cannon shook the crimson earth,
And lit the battle-blacken'd air ;
I've seen that high and thoughtful brow
Wreath'd by a thousand muskets' flame,
As calm as ye behold it now
Within the artist's golden frame.

That courteous lip was scarce less bland,
Tho' energy compress'd its shape,
The moment when it gave command
To Captain Bragg, for "*Grape*, MORE *grape*!"
That eye — but no, 'twas brighter then —
'Twas beaming with a prophet's glow,
That cheer'd our few and weary men
To battle with a countless foe.

Yes, artist, I will thank thee here,
And bless thee for thy wondrous power;
To me that face is doubly dear
When seen in its most tranquil hour.
Look on that faithful picture, ye
Whom party spirit cannot blind,
And say if aught but truth can be
With lineaments like those combined.

Look on it well; ye cannot trace
One doubtful or suspicious line;
It is no smooth and cringing face
Where self and party-scheming shine.
No! open as fresh breaking day,
Free as our Union banner beams,
When o'er the battle's red array
Death flashes from its starry gleams!

Yet calm and thoughtful as the sage;
Tho' years their channels there have worn,
Tis still a clear and cloudless page,
Recording suffering nobly borne.
Such was the face of him whose shade
We now may only look upon,
Whose hand this starry Union made—
Our earthly father, Washington.

Old Eagle ! long thy breast hath flown
To guard the banner of thy land ;
And victory yet was never known
To leave that flag while in thy hand.
And O there is no spot or stain
Upon thy pure, unsullied fame !
Thy veriest foe would seek in vain
A speck upon thy glorious name !

Artless, ingenuous as a child,
Thou 'st sought to serve thy country well,
How God upon thy efforts smiled,
Thy country's history joys to tell.
One triumph more remains for thee—
It is to make all discord cease,
Bid party from our country flee,
And over faction "conquer peace."

GOD AND LIBERTY.

IN the beginning—ere the dawn of time,
Ere chaos woke from an eternal sleep,
When all was shoreless, silent, and sublime,
And God alone was on the mighty deep,
No planet burn'd upon the sable sky,
No boreal flame or comet's daring flight,
The earth was void and formless to the eye,
A dreamless nothing in the womb of night;
God said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

Then order rose—then time began his march—
Then earth was roll'd from out Jehovah's hand,
Flung to its circle in the mighty arch,
To fill the purpose of his high command.
The sun arose and gave the morning birth,
The moon came forth upon the azure even,
Bright Orion shouted o'er the infant earth,
The angels lean'd them from the courts of
heaven,
And with their choral hymns the starry sky was
riven.

On sped the earth upon its endless round,
O'er the blue infinite of starry spheres,
And yet "there was no man to till the ground,"
Or trace the awful history of years;
But God created from the senseless dust
An image from his own perfection stole,
Pure, bright and holy, beautiful and just,
And man from God's own breath "became a
living soul,"
Sovereign of earth, and free beyond control.

And woman too, the dearest and the last,
Whose peerless beauty through creation shone,
Till angels saw their radiant forms surpass'd,
And bought her love with many a starry throne.
What more could God himself on man bestow,
Than this bright earth with all its wealth of
flowers,
The sunny hills, the ocean's emerald flow,
The balmy zephyrs and the gentle showers,
And woman's glorious love to crown the rosy hours.

On sped the earth—and Time began to write,
Ah! what a record on his page appears!
Ambition's curse—of pride the baleful blight;
The withering stain of sin; the agony of tears;

The loss of Eden ; and the dread decree
O'er which too late the homeless wanderers
mourn,
"Henceforth to labor thou a slave shalt be—
Thy toil alone thy very life shalt earn —
From dust thou wast and shalt to dust return."

On sped the earth, and dark the pages grew
That swell'd the volume of recording Time,
Till God, incensed, his latest smiles withdrew
From earth's black damning catalogue of crime ;
Then burst the seals that bound the mighty waves,
And o'er that scene of infamy they roll ;
The chainless sea has form'd their shroudless graves,
In its grim majesty without or bound or goal,
Deep o'er the mountain tops it foams from pole to pole.

One bark alone was on that mighty sea—
One little fragment of man's lost estate ;
One heart alone, oh God ! that worshipped thee,
And trusted to thy word his priceless freight.
Again the earth arose from out the deep,
And gleamed the bow of promise on the air,
And man has vow'd thy sacred laws to keep,
To shun the curse of sin's most hideous lair,
To love thy holy name and reverence thee in prayer.

Then teem'd the earth with every blossom fair,
And tree, and shrub, and fields of golden grain,
Beasts in the groves, and birds upon the air,
And finny tribes within the heaving main.
The spring returned, the summer smiled around,
And autumn swelled with every gift divine ;
With fruit low bending to the russet ground,
And sheaves that o'er the harvest fields recline,
And arbors bending low beneath the purple vine.

On sped the world—but it were long to tell,
How fared the race that God did thus restore,
How forth the empires of his seed did swell,
Countless as sands upon the ocean shore ;
How Asia, Afric, Europe, all were stored
With lord and peasant, conqueror and slave ;
How blood, like water, o'er the world was pour'd,
How shrank the coward, and how fell the brave,
Ere sacred truth was lost or freedom found a grave,

The last asylum Heaven had kept in store,
Another world, Columbia, then was given ;
Religion sought a refuge on its shore,
And hail'd its hills, the legacy of heaven ;
And many barks, with speeding pinions spread,
Again were on the dark and troubled sea—

Stout hearts they bore who from oppression fled,
And to a mortal throne had scorned to bend the
knee,
But sought to rear a shrine to God and Liberty.

And God was with them on full many a field,
As tyrants will remember evermore,
When kingly power was taught at length to yield
On many a hill that ran with human gore,
Beneath that flag our fathers flung on high,
Fore'er to wave above the sea and land,
Emblem of union, fragment of the sky,
God keep thee "in the hollow of his hand,"
Till millions yet unborn beneath thy folds shall
stand.

VOICES FROM THE CROWD:

A REMONSTRANCE WITH THE AMERICANS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, Esq.*

“BROTHER, why this rage and scorn;
Why these gibes and tauntings flung?
Were your sires not English born—
Speak you not with English tongue?
Think ye not with English thought;
Is not Shakspeare yours and ours;
And the same religion taught
In our cities and our bowers?
Brothers, turn your thoughts to peace,
And let all this discord cease.

* This poem of Mr. Mackay, it will be recollected, appeared in this country when a very different state of feeling pervaded the public mind towards our mother country than that which we contemplate with so much pleasure now; it came to us during the agitation of the Oregon question, at a time when the bullying and overbearing tone of the English press left us no other prospect of settling this question but by the last resort of nations, and the threat of Mr. Mackay to

——“teach us such a lesson
As should sicken us of war,”

must be my apology for the manner in which I felt disposed to answer his beautiful and philanthropic “Remonstrance with the Americans.”

“Why should war affright the earth?
Were the lands you covet thus,
Richer, larger, better worth,
Wherefore should you fight with us?
'T would be scandal to our kind,
An opprobrium to our creed,
If through rage and malice blind,
One American should bleed;
Or if England's meanest son
Lost his life for Oregon.

“If ye so desire the land,
'Bide your hour—'t will not be long,
Clear it—plant it—send a band,
Peaceful, enterprising, strong,
Who will people all the clime,
Spreading commerce as they go,
Free to answer in their time,
When ye ask them, “Yes, or no!”
But beware, for freedom's sake,
Oh, beware the part you take.

“It would be a dastard shame—
Shame more deep than words can breathe,
If for *this* we lit the flame,
Or drew the weapon from its sheath;

Deeper guilt, more heinous sin,
If the foolish quarrel grew ;
And the nations, pressing in,
Ranged themselves for us or you ;
And the earth was fill'd with hate,
Because *you* were insatiate.

“Freedom’s prophet England taught,
And you learn’d what she instill’d ;
You the inspiration caught ;
Be your prophecy fulfill’d.
Show the world, that doubts the fact,
That of freedom is not born
Rabble passion, frenzied act,
Utter recklessness and scorn :
If so once, they need not be—
Wisdom dwells with liberty.

Let the bloody flag be furl’d,
Nobler is the task we ’re set ;
And ’tis treason to the world
To neglect it, or forget
Science woos us to her arms ;
New discovery waits our time ;
Young invention spreads her charms ;
Knowledge beckons us to climb.

Brothers, join us in the van,
And we'll lead the march of man.

“But if madly bent on strife,
And all reason speaks in vain,
Be the guilt of every life
In the unnatural contest slain
On your heads, and ere 'tis o'er
Such a lesson you shall learn
As shall sicken you of war.

Brothers, for your hand we yearn !
Let us give our thoughts to peace ;
Let this foolish discord cease.”

AN ANSWER

TO "A REMONSTRANCE WITH THE AMERICANS."

O YES! ye are our brothers!

While we love you for the tie,
Shall we yield ye what to others
We sternly would deny?

O yes! we know your Saxon words—

Your Norman blood is ours:
How often on your kindred swords
That blood has fell in showers!

O yes! we think with English thought

When English thought is free;
But by a king we ne'er were taught
How we shall bend the knee.

Our fathers left their native shore

To worship God alone,
But blindly do ye still adore
A sceptre and a throne.

We do not seek with ye a strife—
No bond of peace would break—
But careless do we hold each life
When freedom is at stake;
And every foot or inch of earth
Our fathers won of yore,
We deem of greater, dearer worth,
Than seas of human gore.

Ye talk of freedom, while ye bow
Around a human shrine—
Like serfs, acknowledging e'en now
Your monarch's "right divine!"
And freely spend your dearest blood
In conquering each domain,
Where ye may send your kingly brood
O'er bleeding realms to reign.

Ye prate of peace, while o'er the world
Your purple flag is spread,
And dripping now with gore unfurl'd
O'er India's martyr'd dead!
On every sea—on every shore,
Your conquests still go on;
The feeble feel your grasping power
From rise to set of sun!

Still with your proud ambitious sway
We do not interfere ;
But by that God to whom we pray
Ye must not meddle here !
'Tis holy ground this land of ours,
And kingly power would feel
A spell within its humblest bowers
More dread than ranks of steel.

A charm within the very air
Would warn each royal thing
The poorest man he meets with here
Is "every inch a king ;"
As free of thought, as unrestrain'd
By any human hand,
As the veriest despot that hath reign'd
O'er Europe's crimson land !

Ye speak of "lessons !" Have ye then
So soon forgot the scenes
Of Saratoga's gory fen —
Lake Erie — New Orleans ?
We know that ye have giant power,
We know that ye are brave,
That ye are terrible on the shore,
And glorious on the wave ;

But what hath this to do with men
Who battle for their own—
Who fight for e'en their poorest glen,
As ye fight for a throne?
Who do not come a hireling band
To obey a monarch's nod,
But strike for their own native land,
Their freedom, and their God?

Away! ye have our firm reply:
Touch not the humblest hill
That smiles beneath our native sky;
Stain not the feeblest rill!
For we hold ye, as ye'll find it there
On the scroll of our fathers penn'd,
Ye're still our enemies in war—
In peace ye are our friend.

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

WHERE waves the forest for ever green,
And flowers in bloom are always seen;
Where farther far than the eye can behold,
An ocean of crimson, purple, and gold,
Like a carpet from paradise just unroll'd,
The prairie appears with bower and grove,
Through which the elk and buffalo rove ;
And the graceful deer bounds lightly o'er,
Or swims the bright waters from shore to shore ;
Where the sun never scorches, the frost never chills ;
Where Flora presides o'er the meadows and hills,
Unblasted by winter, unshrouded by snow,
The wild rose, and lily, and hare-bell grow ;
Where the fragrant grass, when waved by the breeze,
Like the sun-lit billows of eastern seas,
All radiantly sparkles with every dye
That glows on the earth or blends in the sky ;

Where the oak is oppressed by the towering vine,
And the earth is illumed by the glittering mine;
Where fountains of pearl have eternally gush'd,
And the voice of the mocking-bird never is hush'd.
Where lakes, like the ocean, in grandeur are spread,
And the rainbow is flashing its emeralds on high,
O'er the cataracts, whose thunders might waken the
dead,

And forests that steep their dark boughs in the sky.
'Tis the Land of the West—'tis the beautiful clime
Where Freedom hath kindled her altars sublime;
Where the banner of stars in its majesty swells,
And where Liberty—glorious Liberty—dwells.

This land still blooms in the sun's bright ray,
But the race who most lov'd it, O, where are they?
Gone from the prairie, the forest, the stream,
Like the bodiless phantoms that people a dream!
Like the sparkles that round the cataract play;
Like the mists of the mountain, they've passed away.
Their humble homes to the flames were given,
The plough their very hearths hath riven,
Where stood their temples, their altars, their graves,
The town is rear'd, or the harvest waves.

And did they yield without a strife
Of blood for blood, of life for life?

Oh! were there none who dared to stand
Or fall to guard this glorious land?
Or did their breasts a rampart swell
To shield the homes they loved so well?
Unwavering still, tho' often broke
By the pale warrior's lightning stroke,
And tho' their veins had dyed the field,
Too weak to strive, too proud to yield,
With breast to breast, and steel to steel,
Still feebly through the conflict reel,
Still grapple with their vengeful foe,
And scorn to shun his latest blow!

Oh, yes, they did what man may do,
Where carnage rolls and steel is riven,
To show how courage tried and true
May struggle with the doom of Heaven!
Nor yielded as the craven yields
Beneath the fell decrees of fate;
Nor quench'd a thousand gory fields
Their deathless and eternal hate.

The warrior's heart may not despair!
No tear may dim an Indian's eye!
His joy is battle's front to dare,
To taste of deep revenge — and die!

'Tis rapture to his parting soul,
As dim his eagle vision grows,
Amidst the crimson ranks to roll,
And die amidst his dying foes.

With helmless brows and bosoms bare
Those fearless forest warriors came,
And faced the sabre's awful glare,
The cannon's crash, the musket's flame!
Their sacred heritage to shield,
They mingled in the carnage red,
Till bulwarks o'er the crimson field
Were rear'd with heaps of gory dead!

Unlettered, they at science spurn'd,
And mock'd the proud tactician's arts,
While deathless zeal and valor burn'd
Unquenchable within their hearts.
From Labrador's eternal snows
To Patagonia's farthest strand,
From where the blue Atlantic flows
To where the Rocky Mountains stand,
Of stream or forest, field or flood,
There's not a foot their conqueror owns,
But has been colored with their blood,
Or whiten'd with their bleaching bones;

And when the latest trump of God,
Dissolving death's mysterious chain,
Shall rend the marble and the sod,
To give each form its soul again :
There's not within this broad domain,
A single rood of sea or earth,
But dyed with many a murderer's stain,
Will give a slaughter'd Indian birth !

ODE TO THE DEITY.

SPIRIT OF TRUTH ! whose temples rise
Wherever dwells thy creature, man !
For ever hid from mortal eyes
In mysteries they cannot scan
Soul of power ! whose breath uprears
Immeasurable space of worlds on high,
And rollest their stupendous spheres
In light and glory through the sky !

Omniscience ! who alone beholds
An hundred years the comet swim,
Nor reach the shore that still enfolds
Unnumber'd suns, by distance dim !
Omnipresence ! thou that fillest all
The meteless empires of the air,
Yet hear'st the humblest creature's call,
Whose weakness claims thy gracious care.

Father of light and life and form !
Who dwelt before the birth of time,
When chaos, like a mighty storm,
Starless and boundless, roll'd sublime ;
Who spoke, and from the dark abyss
Of nothing at thy mandate came
Earth in her primal loveliness,
The crystal moon, the sun's red flame.

Mid sculptured aisles in porphyry halls
What tho' these knees have never bow'd,
Where crime upon thy goodness calls,
And creeds are taught the cringing crowd ;
Where incense pours its rich perfume
O'er golden fount and marble shrine,
And glittering scarf and waving plume
Pay homage to thy name divine ;

Have I not trod the mountain hight,
When darkness, storm, and fire, have striven,
And down the ebon plumes of night
The lava of the sky was driven ?
Have I not wander'd o'er the tide,
Have I not knelt upon the shore,
Of ocean, where his tameless pride
The seamew dared not venture o'er ?

Have I not mark'd earth's mightiest river,
Through clouds of spray that wreak'd on high,
Fall foaming to the depths for ever,
As if it pour'd from out the sky?
Beholding these and all above,
Below, around — for all are thine —
The emblems of thy power and love —
What need have I of holier shrine?

Father! when o'er the horizon's verge
The lingering sun his glory flings
In many a gold and opal surge,
Bright as thine own ambrosial wings;
When morning's silver portals rise,
Or twilight's woof of pearl is strown
With sparkling stars, that light the skies,
Like diamonds scatter'd from thy throne;

When Iris o'er the dying storm
Hath bent her many-colored bow,
And spann'd within its wondrous form
The thunder-clouds that sleep below,
'Tis then my soul hath burn'd to soar;
'Tis then I've sigh'd to be with thee,
Where earthly sorrow comes no more —
Beyond the grave's dark mystery.

Father! since life is but a boon

Which thou dost give and take away;
And since my soul—alas, how soon!

To other unknown worlds must stray;
O hear my poor and humble prayer,

Where pride and mammon ne'er intrude;
My lamp some lone and lovely star
In thine own temple's solitude.

DESPAIR.

THE grave ! the grave ! how can it be,
My soul, that thou should'st e'er forget
How bright life's sun arose for thee —

How soon within the grave 't will set?
On every hill, on every plain,
There 's not a place thy foot can tread,
Innumerable as the drops of rain,
Where moulder not the countless dead !

Along the Tiber and the Nile,
Where Tigris and the Ganges flow,
What mighty cities rose erewhile !
How voiceless were they long ago !
And yet their mighty crowds are there,
In field and flood, and ocean wave ;
Around they slumber everywhere,
The sage, the conqueror, and the slave.

O'er Tadmor rolls the desert sand ;
O'er Sidon swells the briny deep ;
Above them take thy lonely stand,
And think what millions near thee sleep !
Palmyra, Carthage, Carnac, Rome,
Deep buried thousand years beneath,
Of silent, hopeless, rayless gloom,
How endless is the sleep of death !

But what of these—oh, what of all
The ancient wasted haunts of men,
By which we trace a nation's fall,
Or say where empire once hath been ?
Ask ye of those who rear'd that dome,
These pillars—with long years of toil ?
They're mingled with the lifeless loam
Where peasants reap the burden'd soil.

They're dust that's gather'd not again,
Where victors forth their armies led ;
They're sand within the foaming main,
They're ashes 'neath the pyramid !
But why these fields and cities trace
To seek the dead ? We cannot err ;
The earth is but a burial-place—
The ocean but a sepulchre !

The bright, the pure, the brave, are gone
Where all beneath a blended sky
With arrowy speed are hurtling on;
We only live that we may die!
Then think, my soul, how soon the dream,
The sunny dream of life will fade,
And thou wilt be, ah, what? — no gleam
Of knowledge yet hath e'er betrayed.

And what hath been thy portion here?
What shall it be in future years?
Where love's bright rose but decks his bier,
And hope is quench'd in useless tears?
Yes, death is slumber, sound, sound deep,
Life but the fitful dream of men
Mid tombs where thought must ever keep
Lone vigils over what hath been.

A wild and fearful dream is thine —
More dread at every change of form;
The stars thou'st worshipp'd all decline,
And leave thee in the night and storm!
But ah! a night without a morn
Full soon shall shade these aching eyes,
No star upon that sky shall burn,
To light earth's dazzling mockeries.

Away! ye heart-consuming throng
Of thoughts that rack this throbbing brow;
I have not borne life's ills so long,
That I should shrink beneath them now.
What though upon time's rugged shore
My pilgrim feet are still confined,
No rainbow on the clouds before—
Extinguish'd every star behind—

I've known full many as dark an hour,
Nor yielded to the fiend Despair,
For mine has been affliction's dower,
And pain has taught me how to bear.
Away! I reckon not what shall be
The end of all this coil at last;
'Tis welcome, so it bring to me
A deep oblivion of the past.

THE MISER.

AN old man sat by a fireless hearth,
Though the night was cold and chill,
And mournfully o'er the frozen earth
The wind sobbed low and shrill ;
His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray,
And dim, but not with tears,
And his skeleton form had wasted away
With penury more than years.

A rushlight was casting its fitful glare
O'er the damp and dingy walls —
Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,
And the venomous spider crawls ;
But the meanest thing in this loathsome room
Was the miser, all worn and bare—
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barr'd the door,
And every nook he had scann'd —
And felt their fastenings o'er and o'er
With his cold and skinny hand.
And yet he sat gazing intently around,
And trembled with silent fear,
And startled and shudder'd at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.

“Ha! ha!” laugh'd the miser, “I'm safe at last,
From this night so cold and drear—
From the drenching rain and driving blast—
With my gold and treasures here.
I'm cold and wet with icy rain,
And my health is bad, 'tis true;
Yet, if I should light that fire again,
It would cost me a cent or two.

“But I'll take a sip of that precious wine,
It will banish my cold and fears—
It was given long since by a friend of mine—
I have kept it for many years :”
So he drew a flask from a mouldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide—
And his eye grew bright with each draught he took,
And his bosom swell'd with pride.

“Let me see—let me see,” said the miser, then,
“’Tis some sixty years, or more,
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up my glittering store;
And well have I sped with my anxious toil,
As my crowded chests will show;
I have more than would ransom a kingdom’s spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow.

“From the orient realms I have rubies bright,
And gold from the famed Peru;
I’ve diamonds would shame the stars of night,
And pearls like the morning dew.
And more I’ll have ere the morrow’s sun
His rays from the west shall fling:
That widow to free her prison’d son,
Shall bring me her bridal ring.”

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,
And cautiously raised the lid,
And then it shone like the clouds of the west,
With the sun in their splendor hid;
And gem after gem, in its precious store,
Are raised with exulting smile,
And counted, and re-counted o’er and o’er,
In many a glittering pile.

Why comes the flush to his pallid brow,
While his eyes like his diamonds shine?
Why writhes he thus, in torture now?
What was there in the wine?
His lonely seat he strove to regain;
To crawl to his nest he tried;
But finding his efforts were all in vain,
He clasp'd his gold, and—died!

LISTEN !

LISTEN, and there shall be given
Thee each bliss that life affords ;
And the nameless joys of heaven,
If thou'lt listen to my words.

Listen, when the morn is breaking
Softly o'er the flowery lea,
From each hill and grove awaking
Nature's cheering minstrelsy.

Listen, when the evening shade
Calmly gathers o'er the sky,
And each sound doth softly fade,
As a mother's lullaby.

Listen, to the cataract pouring
From the mountain wild and high;
Listen, to the tempest roaring,
Where the lightning burns the sky.

Listen, to the night-wind stealing;
Listen to the ocean's surge,
To thy inmost soul appealing,
Mournful as a funeral dirge.

Listen, to the bugle screaming,
Where the ranks of freedom are,
And thy country's banner streaming
Proudly o'er the shock of war.

Listen, when the strife is ended,
And the invader, trampled low,
Sues to thee to be defended—
Listen, though he be thy foe.

Listen, when pale lips address thee
From a lone deserted bed;
When a feeble voice shall press thee;
When the famish'd ask for bread.

Listen, when a sigh shall reach thee
From the prison's lonesome cell,
And its inmate doth beseech thee
For the light beloved so well.

Listen, when above the bier,
Comes a shriek that makes thee start,
Falling on death's frozen ear
From a widow'd broken heart.

Listen, when the orphan's cry
Wails o'er those for ever gone,
And his swollen tearful eye
Brings a moisture to thine own.

Listen, to the exile's story ;
Listen, to the stranger's care ;
Thou may'st meet a child of glory —
Serve an angel unaware.

Listen, when the form thou'st loved
By the sable pall is hid,
And the clods again removed,
Fall upon the coffin lid.

Listen, when the warning bell
Lingers on the Sabbath air;
Listen, when the organ's swell
Calls thy sinful lips to prayer.

Listen, child of want and grief,
Who the paths of guilt have trod?
Would'st thou find a sweet relief,
Listen to the word of God.

TO MY SOUL.

VAIN, O vain, my struggling spirit,
Are thy anxious pinions spread,
Until this form thou dost inherit
Coldly moulders with the dead !
Then, with radiant things in heaven
Shall thy blessedness begin,
If here thy errors are forgiven—
If here thou bear'st no stain of sin.

Many loved ones have departed,
Many cherish'd hopes have flown
Since from being's goal we started
On life's ocean, dark and lone.
Beneath the clouds that gather o'er us,
Onward drives life's shatter'd bark ;
No friendly beacon burns before us,
All around is drear and dark.

On the shore to which we 're speeding
Stands the cypress and the urn,
While to those that are receding
We never—never can return.
Ah! my soul, how dread thy portion,
Ah! how endless thy despair,
Shouldst thou cross this dreary ocean,
And find no blessed haven there!

Dim and cold and voiceless ever
Is the realm to which we go,
Where full many a Stygian river
Through the endless shadows flow.
But my soul, though sad and dreary
Lies that cold and sable land,
There alone may rest the weary—
There the gates of promise stand.

There, when life's brief voyage is over,
When this narrow sea is crossed,
When the elements recover
All of thee that may be lost,
There, those dear ones gone before thee
Through those portals, thou shalt meet,
Softer skies shall hover o'er thee,
Brighter flowers shall bless thy feet.

There, those starry realms of pleasure
Thou hast seen so dimly here,
All of thought's unfading treasure,
In their fullness shall appear ;
All the secrets of the ocean,
All the mysteries on high,
Light, and magnitude, and motion,
All the colors of the sky,

Scenes of peace, and love, and beauty,
Things for which thou here dost pine,
If thou 'rt faithful to thy duty,
All thou wishest shall be thine.
The darkest night will have a morrow,
Pleasure must succeed to pain,
And it will soothe our parting sorrow
To know that we shall meet again.

ODE TO THE GRAND PRAIRIE.

I HAVE stray'd on the ocean's shore alone,
When the sun was faint and low ;
I have sat on Jura's awful throne,
And gazed o'er the world below.

In the voiceless halls of other lands,
My pilgrim feet I've placed ;
And with our own red, tameless bands,
Our pathless forests traced.

And oft, amidst a living space,
A stranger I have stood,
And sighed for one familiar face,
In a countless multitude.

I've watch'd Niagara's crystal foam
At the solemn hush of even ;
And gazed upon sepulchred Rome,
When the stars were high in heaven.

But oh, until this lonely hour,
Whate'er my spirit's mood,
I ne'er have felt such saddening power —
Such boundless solitude.

There's life in ocean's heaving breast,
And music in the roar
Where waves receding leave their crest
Of foam upon the shore.

There's language in the forest leaves,
And many a gilded plume,
And sprightly form of life, relieves
Its silence and its gloom.

And when the thoughtful pilgrim strays
Through mouldering piles of art,
The shadowy forms of other days
Will throng around his heart.

There's music in the desert wide,
And in the mountain air;
There's rapture in the rushing tide;
For God himself is there.

But thou art ever calm and bright,
Though tempests o'er thee rave:
A broad expanse of bloom and light—
A sea without a wave.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A CITY CHURCH-YARD.

AFTER THE MANNER OF GRAY.

THE clock's deep chime proclaims the matin hour,
The sun is up and dawning gloriously,
The weary watch resigns his jealous power,
And leaves the streets to freedom and to me.

Now ope the crowded shops upon the sight,
And all the air a business murmur holds;
Save where some shutter bars the vulgar light,
Or silken draperies shed their drowsy folds.

Save that from yonder iron-grated walls
Some hapless wight does to the crowd complain
Of cold, that through his naked prison crawls,
And turns to ice his solitary chain.

Beneath these costly slabs, this great parade
Of monumental marble — heap on heap —
Each in his silver-mounted coffin laid,
The spruce patricians of the city sleep.

The rattling car or cart of market-morn,
The busy crowds that o'er the pavement tread;
The steamboat's thunder, or the shrill coach horn,
No more shall rouse them from their costly bed;

For them no more shall cents to dollars turn,
Where busy brokers ply their eager care;
No bankers run to welcome their return,
Or climb their desks the envied cash to share.

Oft did the honest to their swindling yield,
Their grinding oft the widow's heart has broke;
How harden'd were their miser hearts, how steel'd,
And yet what honey'd words they ever spoke.

Let not the famish'd mock their greedy toil,
Their sordid schemes, their cent. per cent. deride,
Nor virtue listen with a pitying smile,
To gilded epitaphs o'er rotting pride.

The boast of honesty ; religion's sacred dower ;
And all that virtue—all that truth e'er gave—
Are only beacons in death's stormy hour,
That hail our spirits from beyond the grave.

And you, ye needy, think not theirs the fault,
If sculptured trophies o'er their tombs arise ;
If they could know the cost of every vault,
It were to them the worm that never dies.

Could souls departed visit here below,
And settle up their business ere they went,
Those marbles had been sold at auction long ago,
Or duly scribbled on, "to rent," "to rent."

Perhaps in this embellish'd spot is laid,
Some heart once taintless of this base desire—
Hands that the blacking-brushes might have sway'd
Or exquisitely stirr'd the blazing fire ;

But speculation's ever dazzling page
Unroll'd such prospect of a harvest here,
As did their avaricious souls engage,
And drew their talents from their wonted sphere.

Far from the banks and brokers' shaving strife,
Their humble avarice never learn'd to stray ;
Content to spend a most ignoble life,
In saving something for "a rainy day."

Yet e'en their worthless ashes to protect,
Some marble monument erected nigh,
With flaunting lines of fulsome flattery deck'd,
Implores the passer to believe a lie.

The names of captain — colonel — general — here,
O'er all the varied monuments are rife ;
And many a tomb these sounding titles bear,
Whose owner never touch'd a trigger in his life.

And who, that on the follies of the day
His anxious thoughts a moment e'er confined,
But knows this foolish passion for display
Is of the strongest feelings of mankind ?

On some fond name the wealthy dunce relies ;
Some title does his arrogance require ;
And this the sculptor on his tomb supplies,
From judge or general, even down to squire.

How many stain'd with every vice obscene
The whited sepulchre of fashion bears ;
How many wretches make their wealth a screen
To keep the hands of justice from their ears.

Some nameless Rothschild, that with manly breast
The miser cravings of his soul withstood ;
Some poor and honest Swartwout, here may rest,
Some Biddle—guiltless of the orphan's food.

The applause of Jews and brokers to command,
The checks of truth and conscience to despise,
To league with ruffians 'gainst their native land,
Yet dare encounter with a freeman's eyes—

Their lot forbade, and let us truly thank
That God, who all their farther fraud confined,
Forbade to wade through plunder to a bank,
Or ope a broker's office on mankind.

The struggling pangs of blackest guilt to hide,
To quench the whisperings of conscious blame ;
Beneath the hollow show of pomp and pride,
To seek a shield from public scorn and shame.

For me—who thus have artlessly unroll'd
The worth, the virtues, of the mouldering great;
If e'er the story of my life be told—
And may just Heaven at least avert that fate—

Haply for me—some orphan shall declare :
Oft have we seen him on the bitterest day;
Facing the storm, without a thought of care,
To bring us food and wipe our tears away.

There, at the corner of yon busy street,
He oft did stand. His kind fraternal eye
Beaming with interest, we did often meet,
Upon the faces that were passing by.

Oft by that bed, so all neglected now,
Watching yon sufferer he would nightly stand;
Now soothe the fever of his aching brow—
Now whisper comfort in a brighter land.

One morn we missed him. At the accustomed time
He came not to the afflicted and the poor.
Another came. And yet the clock's deep chime
Marked not his footsteps at our humble door.

The next—with mourning coach and hackney chaise
We bore him slowly to his kindred dead:
Approach and read, for thou canst read his praise,
Engraved upon yon humble pyramid.

EPITAPH.

Here rests within this cold and silent vault,
A youth to avarice and to pride unknown;
He was not perfect—but his greatest fault
Was such as virtue need not blush to own:

This was his hatred—for the heartless throng
Of fashion's minions, and of mammon's tools;
He knew them well, for he had watch'd them long,
And found them soulless hypocrites and fools.

Time, fortune, title, fame, distinction, breath,
The form of beauty but a dream—a clod—
Fore-doomed to crumble at the touch of death,
This much he knew—the rest remains with God.

O CARRY ME BACK!*

Look here, ye heartless, lawless bands,
Who, in the name ye desecrate,
Would lay your red incendiary hands
Upon a peaceful "sister State;"
Ye who would rend the sacred ties
That have secured our highest trust,
Would tear our banner from the skies—
Would trail its glories in the dust.

Who, in the name of God and truth,
Would scatter coals throughout the land;
Would place (in freedom's name forsooth)
A knife in each assassin's hand;
Who, while the lowly Savior's name
Does on your Judas accents swell,
Have thoughts within your hearts of shame
Unworthy of the fiends of hell.

* An aged slave, who had been recently liberated in Virginia, and sent to Indiana, passed up the river yesterday, on the steamer Telegraph, alone, on his return to his old master. His heart was in "Old Virginny," and he had no happiness, even with liberty, in the land of strangers. His age could not have been less than 70.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Look here, and see the cord that binds
Alike the master and the man;
And own how vain your puny minds
Oppose the might of nature's plan;
The bondage of the earth and sky,
However far the feet may roam—
The yearning pang that will not die—
The tyranny of hearth and home.

Then view the exiles ye have made
To wander 'midst Canadian snow,
Still pining for each sunny glade
From which you counsel'd them to go;
How many a heart with grief has broke,
How many more in silence bleed,
Who from your wretched schemes awoke
To find that they were slaves indeed.

Ye, who have raved of lash and chains,
Of fetter'd hands and tortures grim,
Until your dark and heated brains
With scenes of pandemonium teem,
As if it were our sole pursuit
To wield the gyve, the scourge, the rack;
As each were a ferocious brute
That hunted the devoted black.

What, after all, is 't ye would give
These children of another race?
Do they with you like equals live,
As there were no dividing trace?
Do ye allow them to be heard
In throngs that pardon or condemn?
Or may they say one single word,
When laws are made to govern them?

Where joy and social pleasures flow,
Do they with ye its mazes tread?
Or in the hour of want and woe
Are you the watchers by their bed?
How oft within your glittering halls
Hath any negro brother trod?
Alas! your ban upon him falls
E'en at the very shrine of God!

What do we more in sight of heaven,
That ye in terms of scorn condemn?
Must then our heritage be given—
Our homes be yielded up to them?
Or must we drive them from our shore,
To people your more favor'd clime?
The faith, the God whom we adore,
Assures us this indeed were crime.

What do we more? We did not make—

We found their sires what now they are—
And find we have no power to break

The bonds that they were doom'd to wear.

The name is all—they are no worse

For titles ye affect to dread;

Your freedom cancels not the curse—

Still they must ever toil for bread.

With us, at least, they have a home,

Nor wander indigent—forlorn,

As, midst your northern wilds they roam,

And weep for scenes where they were born—

A shade from summer's sultry heat,

A shelter from the wintry blast,

An humble but secure retreat,

When youthful energies are past.

And Southern hearts are always kind

And warm as their own earth;

And all must weep to leave behind

The spot that gave them birth!

And hence, beneath your frozen sky,

You hear the plaintive strain,

While tears bedim the minstrel's eye,

“O carry me back again!”

N I A G A R A.

FAR westward, where the sunlight gleams
O'er rocky dell and rolling streams ;
O'er forests boundless to the eye,
And mountains blending with the sky :
O'er lakes, whose more than ocean blue
Fade in the heavens' receding hue ;
Or kindled with the summer's ray,
Flash with the bright excess of day ;
Or rippling on their snowy shore,
A flood of sparkling diamonds pour ;
Or lash'd beneath the tempest's wing,
Skyward their foaming billows fling ;
Or round the shelving granite curl'd,
As if they battled with the world,
With deaf'ning roar all madly sweep
The earthquake thunders of the deep ;

But ever as their warring waves
 The demon of the storm enslaves,
 Sink back and smile in slumber's chain
 As if they ne'er could wake again;
 So calm, the sigh would break their rest
 That heaves the sleeping infant's breast;
 Or forth their devious journey take,
 To mingle with some sister lake :
 And bursting from their bounds for ever,
 Majestic flow a giant river ;
 Then soft their curving shores steal by,
 As twilight fades from summer sky,
 As zephyrs o'er the vernal lea,
 As moonlight o'er the tranquil sea—
 Twining on thro' endless ranks
 Of trees that shade their sloping banks;
 Or drooping in the crystal wave,
 Their green and sunny foliage lave ;
 While many an isle of fairy hue
 With soft enchantment blends the view.
 Thus flow they on from west to east
 Their strength renew'd, their store increased ;
 Till link by link stupendous curl'd,
 Their chain embraces half the world;
 And thus from many a distant shore
 A thousand floods to Erie pour ;

Where mingling seas together fled,
In more than ocean grandeur spread :
To fair Ontario's bosom blue,
Combined their onward course pursue ;
With strength the powers of earth to brave—
Niagara's eternal wave—
In calm and broad meanderings stray,
Till mountain ramparts bar their way ;
Then wildly wakes their slumbering might,
Then upwards dash their billows white,
Then waves on waves redoubling pour,
And rush along the granite shore ;
Till man must tremble to behold
Their strength sublime together roll'd,
And from the mountain's awful crown
In one vast ocean thundering down ;
The earth aghast, the mountains riven,
The mist shrouds wreaking up to heaven,
While thousand startling echoes swell
The mutter'd thunders where they fell.
It is as if from heaven was hurl'd
The ponderous ruins of a world,
And jarring with their mighty force
A flood of planets from their course,
And all in one vast current high
Rush'd darkling down the breathless sky.

Down, down the dark green water flows,
Till boiling eddies o'er them close;
While o'er their foam that rolls below,
Gleams forth the many-colored bow,
And rivals with its beauteous dyes
That prism glory of the skies.
While shiver'd rocks that nod around,
With plumes of pine and cedar crown'd,
Frown 'neath their shades of living green
A solemn grandeur o'er the scene.
But hold! the muse's starward flight
Falls to the dust in pale affright;
Drops from her hand the golden lyre;
All chilly grow her robes of fire,
The mist in clouds above her meet,
The earth is trembling 'neath her feet,
Forgets her high immortal powers,
In silence trembles and adores.

THE STAR OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.*

“O’ER Ajaccio’s spires — Corsica’s isle —
And ocean’s breast, that foam’d the while —
A beauteous paradise of earth !—
That star arose to hail my birth,
And guide me to the haughtiest throne
That any save the gods have known—
At least that e’er was bought with blood,
From Indus to the Volga’s flood.
In halcyon peace or battle fray
I’ve read my fortune in its ray —
When midst night’s gorgeous coronal
Of millions, it outshone them all;

* “Bonaparte used to say this star made its appearance at the hour of his birth, and that by consulting it he could always tell when good fortune awaited him; for that then it glowed with unusual brightness; but grew pallid and hueless when defeat or disaster were about to befall him.”—Botta.

Or tempest robed, its cheering beam
Blazed where no other dared to gleam.
My midnight vigils to beguile,
I've watch'd its image in the Nile,
And where the Magi used to gaze,
To form the horoscope of kings,
I've joy'd to see its silver blaze
Fall on my eagle's folded wings.

“O'er Mount St. Bernard's awful hight,
All redly on the brow of night—
What time my meteor banners rose
O'er avalanche and Alpine snows,
And gather'd up those mighty crowds
Around my standard in the clouds.
And still more brilliant did it rise
Above the smoke-enveloped skies
Of Mincio—Wagram—Marengo—
And Hohenlinden's blushing snow,
When droop'd my standard o'er the field
Where empires had been taught to yield;
And brighter still, and brighter glow'd,
As on the mighty empire flow'd
That to my very feet swept down
The Bourbon and the iron crown.

And redder still, and redder beam'd,
Till Venice—Naples—Rome—were mine;
My banners o'er the Tagus stream'd,
And flamed along the Rhine.

“And yet, thou bright and glorious star,
Thou'st tempted even me too far;
I trembled as thy light grew tame
O'er Moscow's rolling sea of flame,
And saw an hundred thousand lay
In death beneath thy frozen ray.
That instant from my grasp was hurl'd
The Ægis of a crouching world;
And o'er the retrospect of blood,
A musing, powerless man I stood,
Till round my throbbing brow accurst
The crumbling Kremlin's cinders burst.
I did not weep, I did not pray;
I wished not to survive that day;
And I had perish'd with a smile,
Beneath so grand a funeral pile;
But Beauharnois and Murat bore
Me struggling in their arms away,
Where hilt and rowel red with gore,
My famish'd ranks had won that day.

“Once more, from Elba’s pictured plain,
I saw thee o’er the stormy main
So fiercely glow, so redly shine,
I thought the world again was mine,
And springing to my glorious France,
I bared my bosom to her lance,
And wept, tho’ fallen, still to see,
Of all my veteran soldiery,
Not one but would, to shield my life,
Still venture in the deadliest strife;
And freely, ere my blood had flown,
A nation would have pour’d its own.
But, treacherous star! what boots to tell
The grief—the agony—the hell!
That wrung my heart, as pallid grew
Thy blaze o’er damning Waterloo;
When urged my bugle’s wild alarms
The few against the world in arms!
While yet the iron storm was driven,
And gush’d the war-cloud’s crimson rain,
I saw thy light retreat from heaven,
And set—to rise—no! ne’er again!”

THE QUEEN CITY.

'Tis not that hoary minsters rise
O'er thy ancestral dead,
With gorgeous turrets in the skies,
O'er cross and cowed head;
'Tis not that regal diadems
Are glittering in thy halls,
The starry light of ducal gems,
The robes of Seneschals.

'Tis not for proud triumphal arch,
Or many trophied aisles,
Where stately knights and barons march,
And royal beauty smiles :
From tower and bastion rising o'er,
No shadow on thee falls ;
Thou hast no dungeons by thy shore,
No warder on thy walls.

'Tis not that history points to thee
Back through the mist of time,
A wreck upon life's mighty sea
Of glory and of crime ;
Nor yet thy lovely form alone
The heart so fondly fills,
Where thou sittest on thy gentle throne,
With thy coronal of hills.

'Tis not for things like these that glide
So swift from earth, I ween,
That thy children, in their noble pride,
Have fondly called thee Queen ;
Far other are the sacred ties
That bind their hearts to thee —
The vestal fire that never dies,
The altars of the free.

'Tis that thy many temple spires
That greet the rays of morn,
And kindle with the latest fires
When daylight is withdrawn ;
'Tis that the many massive piles
Upon thy shores that throng,
Were never purchased by the spoils
Of tyranny and wrong.

'Tis that thou art a boon indeed,
A blessing to mankind,
'Tis for thy Atalanta's speed
Upon the march of mind;
'Tis that thou art the laborer's friend,
The chosen home of art—
Our blessings on thy ways attend,
Thou Florence of the heart.

NAPOLEON'S REQUEST.*

WHEN life's Promethean fires decay,
As soon or late I know they must,
And earth shall fold her frozen clay
For ever o'er my shrouded dust,
I would no hollow pomp of words
Above my humble grave were seen ;
The world, alas ! too well affords.

What I am now—what I have been :
My name ! is it not written with my lance,
On earth to live while lives the name of France.

Then leave me, like that countless world
Who, to uphold my purple throne,
Have fallen where'er my flag unfurl'd,
Where'er my star of terror shone.

* Bonaparte expressed a desire to be buried beneath some willows that grow near his residence, upon the island of his imprisonment, and that there should be no inscription on his tomb, save only the letter "N."

Aye, leave me to a nameless grave,
Beneath the willow's mournful bough,
My dirge the ocean's cavern'd wave.

I would not be remembered now —
At least by things that art so oft hath lent,
An epitaph forsooth ! a marble monument !

Gaze ye upon the ancient Troad, where
The proud hosts of demi-gods were slain;
Flamed mighty Illium on the midnight air,
While bright Scamander crimson'd to the main !
Did not thy tomb, Achilles, there arise
As island mountains from the ocean leap,
Whose soaring summit pierced the riven skies,
To guard the pillow of thy final sleep ?
Fair Ida still the traveler's gaze may chain,
But this, alas ! scarce undulates the plain.

There gleams no altar through Paestium's gloom;
Grows the rank grass, fallen Ephesus, o'er thee;
All urnless is the proud Athenian's tomb,
That from Colonna's hight looks lonely o'er the
sea ;

Where is the marble Adrian taught to climb ?
Ask Thebes and Carnack for their granite
towers,

Could Babel's Alp resist the shock of time?
 The jackal now in Persepolis cowers;
 The night-owl hoots, the envenom'd spider crawls,
 And weaves his meshes o'er Alhambra's walls.

Thou distant land where sinks the solar flame,
 Columbia, in thy dark untrodden wild,
 Without a date, a record, or a name,
 Full many a mighty sepulchre is piled.
 Far to the west thy boundless prairies spread,
 With hues that shame the blazonry of even,
 Soft as the Elysium Indians hope to tread,
 And wilder far than their own fabled heaven,
 Swells there not o'er them many a giant mound,
 Whose very builders are a mystery profound?

A pile like Cheops o'er my manes,
 Or dark Cholula, would ye rear?
 The Simplon still a trace retains
 Of what I was, go read it there.
 My name is on St. Bernard's hight,
 And on the Kremlin's blacken'd dome,
 And plain as conquering steel may write,
 'Tis graven on the gates of Rome;
 The sun shall fade, the heavens be wrapp'd in flame,
 Ere tyrants cease to dread or earth forgets my name!

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. ALEX. ROSS.

OF gentle Spring's most gorgeous day
It was the parting hour ; the sun had set,
But like the fallen patriot, his glory
Shone from his grave ; and on the soft horizon
Linger'd — fraught with innumerable dyes —
The bright and burning heraldry of heaven.
It was an evening such as travelers say
Is wont to smile above the Eternal City,
Changing the yellow Tiber to a purple flood,
And casting shadows like imperial robes
Upon the crumbling walls of the Coliseum ;
Not e'en a zephyr's breath ruffles the bosom
Of the slumbering waters, above whose calm
Cerulean surface, like young unconscious beauty
O'er her mirror — the sky approving hangs,
And kindles into lovelier charms by gazing
Upon the soften'd image of her own perfections.
The earth is green, and from the solemn air

The breathings of a thousand flowers arise,
It may be, to the portals of the blest in heaven.
The forest boughs are drooping with their robes
Of silken verdure, and their shade is musical
And sparkling with a race who know no sorrow.
O why should scenes so beautiful be marred—
And the eyes' revelry, and the heart's high throb
Of pleasure and of gratitude be dimm'd,
And frozen by the chill of death! O why should man,
Immortal, with the beauty and the symmetry of God,
With power to contemplate and feelings to adore,
From out this temple, warm, and bright,
And beautiful, at such an hour be torn,
To mingle with the dust to moulder there?
The dream, dear Ross, the spell of thy existence—
Has fled indeed; but still the aching heart,
Will treasure in its inmost, holiest shrine,
More precious since their source is lost for ever,
The priceless reminiscences of thee.
Few were thy years, and yet thy ardent soul,
A harvest rich of classic lore had reaped—
Poetic thought, and lofty imagery!
They knew thee not who deem'd thee cold
And distant; thy heart was formed for friendship,
And was, ever, open to the wants, the anguish,
And the woes of others——

'Twas ours to meet in boyhood, and this heart
Must lose its warmth, and, frozen in the grave,
Lie tranquil as thine own, ere the sweet memory
Of that young affection, and the halo
Of those sunny hours can fade. For even then
Thy thoughts, unfledg'd, were fluttering upwards,
And marshaling the way to that empyrean,
To which in after years they wing'd their flight!
How oft beneath the glowing azure even,
Did we walk forth, wrapt in the interchange
Of kindred thoughts. How fresh and balmy
Around this wither'd heart arise
The dewy memories of those treasured hours!
'Twas then the burning thirst, th' insatiable desire,
To quaff of Castilla the immortal draught,
First fired this heart.
And oh! if 'midst the thorns of disappointment,
The gloom, the ashes, and the dust
Of blighted hopes — this bleeding heart
Hath gleaned upon life's lonely path
Some scatter'd flowers of science and of poesy,
'Twas thee that pointed to their bloom.
There came an hour — can I forget it ever —
Of fell and loathed disease; my burning form
Was pestilent, and o'er my brain
The fearful wings of frenzy flapped, and spread

A night—a very chaos—o'er my soul.
They said that I must die. And few had dared
In that dread hour to look upon my corse. But thou,
Tho' friends, and home, and country were afar,
Wert more to me than brother!
And in that moment, had my spirit passed
From out its dwelling and this vale of sorrow,
Thou then hadst done for me, what feebly I
Attempt, but with no greater agony, for thee.
Thy accents soothed, thy hand did kindly min'ster,
And I was spared—to see thee struggle with
If a more certain, not so horrible mortality.
And I did see thee in thy latest hour,
When anxious friends and kindred stood around,
And gave thee up to heaven.
The dawn of manhood scarcely marked thy brow,
And every hope that life can give was thine.
And they were fleeting! but thy soul was firm,
Unchanged, and brightening, as the gloom,
The shadow of oblivion came—
And they who gazed upon thy calmness, said:
“Oh! let the Christian's death be mine,
And let my latest moments be like his.”

TO THE MEMORY OF * * * *

COLD, cold on our hearts fell the bolts of despair,
As we counted the strokes of the funeral bell
When in thunder its iron lips wail'd on the air
Their solemn, their final, eternal farewell.

How sad were the hearts that in sorrow drew near
The couch where thy corpse in its stillness reposed,
To know that our grief could not waken thine ear,
That thine eye to our anguish for ever was closed.

How memory recall'd in the gloom of that hour
Each word of endearment, each kindly embrace,
The bounties thy hand did incessantly shower,
The soul of compassion that beam'd in thy face

Our mother! our counsellor! guide upon earth!
How lorn is the circle thy loss has bereft!
Our hearts have no language to utter thy worth,
Or record the pang thy departure has left

We miss thee at morn when the bible is read,
We tearfully gaze on thy tenantless chair,
Where oft on thy knees its dear pages were spread,
As we knelt round thy form in the circle of prayer.

We miss thee at noon when the repast is o'er,
When the sun in his glory encircles the earth;
But most, dearest mother, thy loss we deplore
When the embers of evening are bright on the
hearth.

Yet scarce can we feel that thy spirit has fled
To the world where all sorrow for ever is o'er,
That thy form has been borne to the halls of the dead,
That "the places that knew thee shall know thee
no more."

But alas! when we look for thy soul-beaming eye,
When we list for the words that you once used to
speak,
We turn from the sorrowful scene with a sigh,
For the tears are still coursing each sorrow-worn
cheek.

The flowers of the garden neglected grow wild,
We heed not their fragrance, we see not their bloom;

They are useless tho' fair as when paradise smiled,
Save those that we gather to garland thy tomb.

Alike are all seasons, alike are all scenes,
To the hearts that are steep'd in the color of woe,
In vain for a solace on shadows it leans,
And all things are shadows that dwell here below.

The autumn may russet the hills with his dyes,
The spring may return to impurple the plain,
But what shall give back the lost one to our eyes;
O, what shall restore us our idol again.

Farewell, dearest mother ! thy ashes shall rest
Undisturb'd where affection thy relics has laid,
Till the skies shall be filled with the throngs of the
blest
In the light and the glory of angels array'd.

Then, then we may hope, if our sins are forgiven,
For ever again with thy spirit to dwell
In peace at the feet of our Savior in heaven :
In that hope we will live. Farewell ! O ! Farewell !

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

DEDICATED TO MY WIFE.

WHEN first the green earth in her primal grace,
Leap'd out of chaos to the skies' embrace—
When first the sun through dark'ling space was roll'd,
And tinged its vapors with his blaze of gold—
Creation's God upon the world descends,
While heaven's pure hosts in crowd on crowd attends;
A flood of incense hovers o'er his way,
And flowers profusely spring where'er his footsteps
 stray.

He breathed upon the earth—and instant upwards
 rose

Each shrub, plant, tree, and every flower that blows;
He waves his hand—and every living thing,
In earth, sea, air, at once to being spring.
Let 's now make man, the Sire of nature said,
And on the dust his plastic finger laid:

The dust, instinctive, to his touch grew warm,
And fashioned like the glory of his form;
Then breathed upon him, to complete the whole:
That instant man "became a living soul."
Then in a cloud of more than crystal light,
With flashing plumes and robes of dazzling white,
Slow o'er the yielding space the hosts of heaven arise,
While softest music fills the ambient skies;
The ocean heaves upon the vernal shores;
The fragrant earth a flood of incense pours;
While every living thing their vocal powers employ—
The air is fill'd with praise, the planets leap with joy.
Farther and fainter died that melody away,
Till God was lost within the blaze of day;
The mortal could not speak, so great the bliss he felt—
But long in praise and adoration knelt,
And upward strained his streaming eyes,
Until that throng were blended with the skies;
And then, delighted, o'er the world he strays,
Upon the mammoth rides, or with the panther plays;
From the warm earth obtains the luscious roots,
And from the fragrant trees their glowing fruits;
Sips honey wild that from the granite flows,
And binds his forehead with the blushing rose;
Bathed in the streams, or on their margin strayed,
Bask'd in the genial air, or slumber'd in the shade;

Made every gift of paradise his own —
And yet he was not bless'd — because he was alone :
Alone he wander'd on the pebbled shore ;
Alone he saw the silvery torrents pour ;
Alone he strayed through labyrinths of bloom ;
Alone inhaled their odorous perfume ;
Alone he gazed upon the evening star ;
Alone he knelt in solitary prayer ;
Alone in joy he smiled — in sorrow wept ;
And on this boundless world alone he slept.

Why it should be, he knew not — could not tell,
But his lone heart would often aching swell ;
His anxious thoughts in dreams would often stray
To some pure blissful being far away.
At length, at eve, beneath a primal rose,
His limbs reclined in feverish repose ;
The cooling zephyrs o'er his bosom creep,
And soothe his throbbing pulse, and lull his eyes
to sleep.

The mellow moonlight softly stream'd
Amidst a sky where countless planets beam'd ;
Sleep bound each insect, reptile, beast and bird ;
Nor silky leaf or blade of grass was stirred ;
The forest's bosom not a zephyr heaves ;
The dew-drops rest secure upon the aspen leaves ;

And soft the shade the distant mountain flings,
As those that fall in heaven from spirit wings;
Each torrent voiceless falls, each stream in silence
 flows,
Nought breaks the solemn hush of nature's huge
 repose.

He dream'd that in his arms an angel's image lay,
And o'er his kindling cheek her sunny ringlets stray!
He thought that melting eyes were gazing on his own,
And to his lips was press'd a rose-bud nearly blown.
He woke. It was no dream—and he indeed was
 bless'd;

'Twas woman's eye that beam'd—'twas woman's lip
 that press'd.

O, pure as the rose when it bursts to view,
Ere a zephyr hath rifled its virgin hue,
Ere the glowing lips of the morning's ray
Hath kissed its bloom and its balm away,
While the air is rife with its fragrant sighs,
And the dew on its damask bosom lies,
As timid and blushing it peers o'er the lawn,
'Neath the chaste caress of the passionless dawn—
Thus woman's gentle form and mien,
Mid the silvery light of that tranquil scene,

And her beauty enhanced by her tender alarms,
As the moonlight betray'd her omnipotent charms;
Her delicate foot on the green earth fell,
Like an orient pearl on its own bright shell —
And you fear'd lest the light, or the zephyrs warm,
Should dissolve away its snowy form;
Her graceful limbs' harmonious swell —
Go, paint a dream! — you may as well —
Or grasp the rainbow, or enchain
The soul of music's dying strain,
Or hoard the moon's evanescent ray,
As woman's angel charms portray.

She was not tall. But there was given
To her fair brow so much of heaven,
And her soft blue eyes were so divine,
You knelt as at some holy shrine;
Beneath her bright hair's sunny flow,
Her swan-like neck and breast of snow,
A thousand mantling blushes streak,
And upwards stray to her glowing cheek;
And gods in heaven might sigh to sip
The passion-dew from her balmy lip —
For oh! the spell of her melting kiss
Convey'd to the soul an eternal bliss;

And but for her hand's enslaving thrill,
And the passionate ray of her kindling eyes,
He well might have deemed her a vision still,
Which the mirror of sleep alone supplies.
Then music fell upon the ravish'd ear—
The strain of spirit forms, invisible but near—
Receding slowly, dying faint and far,
While words like these float through the crystal air.

Go, mete the dark ocean and compass the world,
As far as its limits by man can be trod,
Or mount where the bright wings of cherubs are
furl'd
O'er the fountains of bliss in the presence of God.

Go, delve the sea-cavern's unfathom'd abyss,
Where mountains of coral and pearl are in store,
Or stray where the bright floods of Havalah kiss
The masses of gold that illumine their shore.

Go, bask in the shade of the orient isles,
Where the citron and orange are ever in bloom—
Where spring o'er their verdure eternally smiles,
And the sea-foam is fraught with their breath of
perfume.

Go, weigh every gem, and survey every flower,
That illumines the sea or enamels the plain—
In the darkest recess or the sunniest bower
That the earth can afford or the ocean retain.

And say if there's aught in its limitless range
Like the idol that now for thy worship is given;
Or price thy devotion could ever estrange
From the sister of angels, the daughter of heaven?

Oh, woman—dear woman, tho' fragile thy frame,
As the lily, thy sister, thou'rt born to control
The impulse to glory, the fountain of fame:
The heart is thy subject, thy throne is the soul.

Like the boughs of the lotus thy presence shall be,
And the pilgrim or exile, while sadly they roam,
Shall forget in their rapture, if smiled on by thee,
The memory of childhood, the magic of home.

And gloomy the palace and lonely the bower,
Tho' mammon may store them with all that is rare;
The gem has no lustre, the lute has no power,
Unless thy dominion of passion is there.

In thy glance the broad banner of empire shall wave,
And the light of thy smile to defend or obtain,
Proud monarchs shall hazard the dungeon or grave,
And the blood of their armies be shower'd like rain.

And greener and brighter thy empire shall stray,
And ever—for ever, thy sway shall abide ;
Still hallowing ruin and cheering decay,
While the sky has a star or the ocean a tide.

The music faded ; and the air again
Was hush'd as marble in the mountain's breast ;
The dew still pearl'd the emerald plain,
The moon still hallow'd the ocean's rest.
The vernal earth in that dawn of time,
Undimm'd by decay and unsullied by crime,
By angels guarded, by seraphs trod—
The garden of heaven, the “footstool of God,”
Had not in its boundless range of bliss
A place so delightingly form'd as this ;
The tranquil lake, the bright cascade,
The grot with sparkling gems array'd,
The fountain of fragrance, the crystal stream,
Of whose beauty we now may only dream ;
The sloping hill, the rocky tower,

The arbor of roses and jasmine bower ;
All that is lovely in form or in dye,
All that can gladden the taste or the eye,
All that is balmy, or gorgeous, or dear,
In harmony met, and mingled here.
The music was gone, but its spell serene,
In soft enchantment still held the scene ;
While the sky was so lucid, so stainless, so free,
Its beauty outrival'd the depths of the sea ;
The very beasts that were gather'd around
Seem'd to share in the spell of that bliss profound,
While pinions of gold and silvery plume
All motionless droop'd 'midst the groves of perfume ;
And something there was in earth and in air
That whisper'd the presence of God was there !

But these were not felt, were not thought of then,
For woman had smiled on the sire of men ;
And her form's enchantment — her eye's control,
Were the universe to his heart and soul.

Who hath not known a magic power,
A spell which language scarce can name,
Shed o'er his heart in such an hour,
From eyes of light and lips of flame ?

Who hath not knelt at beauty's feet,
And felt the very air more mild,
The sky more soft, the earth more sweet,
When woman sigh'd — when woman smiled?

Who hath not felt love's sway sublime,
Till joy could only speak in tears—
And tasted, in a breath of time,
The rapture of a thousand years?

TO ALTHEA.

MY little Pet, my little Pet,
Dost thou remember still,
The quiet spot where first we met,
The grove upon the hill;
With the stately capitol in sight,
The green and sloping grounds,
Where oft beneath the starry night
We walk'd our lonely rounds?

How we gazed that summer even,
Where the broad Potomac roll'd
In the distance, 'neath the heaven,
All covered o'er with gold!
And we linger'd till the colors brief
Had faded from on high—
Till the pearly dew was on the leaf,
The moon was in the sky.

Thou wer't pensive, then, my little Pet,
Thy lip had lost its hue,
Thy fawn-like eyes were often wet,
Thy words were sad and few —
Thy lovely curls were parted
O'er a brow as pale as death,
And I listen'd, broken-hearted,
To thy slow and fainting breath.

My grief I may not ever speak
As I watch'd thee, day by day,
And saw the life upon thy cheek
Like sun-light fade away;
Thy voice of seraph sweetness
As a lute's expiring tone,
Or the dying zephyr's fleetness
Sunk to a feeble moan —

As I saw thy little angel head
By sorrow stricken low,
Upon thy all neglected bed,
A thing of want and woe —
Thy little form of love and light,
Like a shrunk and fading flower,
When the evil of some hideous blight
Assails the summer bower.

But I loved thee all the dearer,
And my love became more true,
The nearer and the nearer
Death's fearful shadow grew.
And as I stood beside thee,
I vow'd if God would spare,
What ills might thence betide thee,
I'd relieve, or I would share.

How many gleams of gladness
Our hearts since then have known,
'Neath the heavy cloud of sadness
That o'er our path was thrown;
How long we've been divided,
While our hearts have beat with pain,
As the leaden moments glided
That form our heavy chain.

There the arbor-vitæ and the box
Are still as green and fair,
And the lithe laburnum throws its locks
Of gold upon the air;
And the fountain still is gushing—
Its showers of diamonds shine—
And the purple rose is blushing
Through the meshes of the vine.

Again I lead thy little feet
 Beneath those dark old pines,
Or find for thee the mossy seat
 When the golden sun declines;
Again I pluck the dewy flowers
 To wreath thy glossy hair,
But wake to find the cheating hours
 Have left me but despair.

For my soul is ever dreaming
 Of that far and fairy place,
With the mellow moonlight beaming
 On thy more than angel face,
The words that then were spoken
 Come like a spirit call;
And their spell is yet unbroken,
 For my heart has treasured all.

TO MY LITTLE STEP-DAUGHTER.

MARY AUGUSTA * * * * *

O, IF the kind indulgent powers
To whom we pray would hear me now,
I'd waft the breath of Eden flowers
Around thy fair and sinless brow;
I'd win the softest hues of even
That o'er the rising Hesper fleet,
And make the peaceful bow of heaven
A pathway for thy childish feet.

The wealth of every orient mine —
And orient wave—thy hair should deck;
I'd have the starry diamond shine
And sparkle round thy snowy neck;
The webs of Ypres veil thy breast,
The soft and stainless ermine warm,
And robes in sunny Naples drest
Should flow around thy graceful form.

The only tones that met thine ear
Should be of music's melting strain,
And all the scenes beloved and dear
For ever near thee should remain ;
And, when the health-restoring hour
Of sleep should close thy gentle eyes,
Thy couch should be a rosy bower ;
Thy dreams should be a paradise.

Thy steps should press each fairy spot
That e'er the voyager's sight hath known —
The isles, whose floral bosoms dot
The oceans of each spicy zone —
The spreading palm should shelter thee
Beneath those fair Arabian skies,
Where waves the budding almond-tree,
Where Irem's fabled gardens rise.

And thou should'st tread those classic shores,
And rest thee by each ruin'd shrine
That hallow'd genius still adores,
That beauty renders still divine —
Should'st stray where bright Cephisus flows,
And through Alhambra's dreamy halls,
Where tower Chamouni's virgin snows,
And where the dark Valino falls ;

And where the silent sacred grove
Of lone Vaucluse is verdant yet,
And where the dust of martyr'd love
Still hallows saintly Paraclet:
Should wander at the silent noon
Where Mantua's mighty minstrel sleeps,
And 'neath the fair Ausonian moon
Behold the tears Egeria weeps.

And in the bosom of the Rhine
Should'st see his runic towers appear,
And 'neath Venetian skies recline
To list the passing gondolier;
And bid the fisher o'er his boat,
On blue Lucerne, suspend his oar,
To hear the Rans de Vaches float
In echoes round the pictured shore —

Where many a dome of marble springs
O'er miracles by genius wrought,
More priceless than the wealth of kings,
The fixed and breathing forms of thought;
Through many an ancient cloister'd pile,
With groined roof and oriel dim,
And sculptured niche and fretted aisle,
Where rolls the solemn vesper hymn.

Through old Ægina's whispering groves,
By Lusitania's purple strand,
And where the clear Pactolus roves
And ripples o'er his golden sand :
And when amidst these scenes you stray,
Far o'er the wide and rolling sea,
That heaven's protecting smile, I'd pray,
For ever might be over thee.

WILT THOU ROAM WITH ME?

A BALLAD TO ALTHEA.

WILT thou roam with me, love?

Wilt thou roam with me,

Beneath eve's dewy star, my love,

That shines to welcome thee?

On the banks of Licking river

The red-bud is in bloom,

And the leaves of the aspen quiver,

Like down on a warrior's plume.

The dogwood opes its snowy breast,

To the soft and perfumed air,

And the freshest moss thy foot e'er press'd

Spreads its luxuriance there.

And pure as thy blush, my gentle love,

Are the violets springing now ;

And the winds grow incense as they rove,

With the scent of the locust bough.

By that lone and lovely river,
What tho' no costly shrine,
Like those by the Guadalquiver,
Or ever-glorious Rhine ;
No ivied hall or ruined towers,
Are imaged in its flood,
Yet has it ran, in other hours,
As red with heroes' blood.

Its shores have seen the dread array,
Of many a plumed throng,
Have echo'd the shouts of the wild foray,
The notes of the battle song :
And on our memory they have claims
That should not perish soon,
For they are linked with deathless names
Of Kenton and of Boone.

On the banks of this quiet river
There is a lonely glen,
Where the foot of man hath never,
Or rarely ever been ;
The wild rose purples all the shore,
The spice-wood sheds perfume,
The maple and the sycamore
Make ever twilight gloom.

There flowering creepers o'er thee meet,
And vines are waving free,
Like the cordage of a mighty fleet
Upon a summer sea.

The nimble squirrel seeks their boughs,
And the wild and timid deer
Beneath their lofty shadows browse,
Or slumber without fear.

And here those gentle beings meet,
That visit us in dreams—
Who skim the air with pearly feet,
Beneath the moon's pale beams—
Who tread the ocean's snowy sands,
Or trip upon the green,
With their white and starry jewel'd wands,
And their robes of silver sheen.

They've twined a bower for thee, love,
In this realm so sweet and lone;
A canopy of leaves above
A soft and flowery throne:
And thou, within this spicy grove,
Their crowned queen shall be,
If thou wilt roam with me, my love,
If thou wilt roam with me.

LOVE'S REMONSTRANCE.

Go prate to the waters, that mirror the moon
In loveliness beaming on high,
Or the sun-flower, ardently turning at noon
To worship the god of the sky;

Go chide the lone needle, that silently dwells,
Like a deathless desire of the soul,
On the love that it constantly, tremblingly tells,
As it timidly points to the pole;

Go frown at the stars, and forbid them to beam
On the earth in her lovely repose;
Go lecture the zephyr, that comes like a dream
To toy with the folds of the rose;

But do not complain if my eyes should reveal,
By an impulse more truly divine,
The conquerless passion — the worship I feel
For that spirit-like beauty of thine !

'Tis said, when the rays of the morning were warm
On the statue of Memnon, my dear,
Soft notes o'er the pillar of marble would swarm,
Like an anthem of God on the ear.

And thus, in the night of your absence, my heart,
Like the stone of that statue, is cold,
But the spell of your presence can ever impart
A rapture that cannot be told.

Oh ! name not, my dearest, your formal decree
Against courting "young ladies at school ;"
Ah ! what is your pedagogue proser to me,
With his science, his birch, and his rule ?

The fusty old despot may frown, if he will,
And talk of his lore and his books ;
There is room in thy lattice, in spite of his skill,
For my ladder to fasten its hooks.

Oh ! lovely the light of those delicate feet

On its soft silken cords will appear ;
And thy form, like an angel's descending to meet
Some languishing worshipper here.

Then preach to the bird that will soar to the sun,
Till dazzled and blind with its rays ;
Or the insect that flies round thy candle, dear one,
Till its life is consumed in the blaze.

Like them, oh ! perchance, all my love is in vain,
Yet tho' death wing'd his dart from thine eye ;
He could not my bosom's devotion restrain,
I would gaze on thy beauty and die.

TO ———

THE charm has fled, the dream is o'er,
The last fond tie is riven;
And we shall part to meet no more,
Unless, perchance, in heaven !

A few brief days and I shall be
In that bright sunny clime
Where waves the golden orange-tree,
And blooms the fragrant lime.

Where Zephyr from the tropic isles
Is fraught with rich perfume ;
Where heaven bestows its warmest smiles,
And earth its rarest bloom.

O many a radiant form is there,
With coral lips and snowy brow,
And eye of soul, and step of air,
Like those that haunt me now.

But these no link of thought endears
Like those from which I part—
They cannot soothe my burning tears,
Or cheer my broken heart.

Adieu, and if I e'er should kneel
My varied wants to tell,
I'll pray that thou may'st never feel
This anguish.—Fare thee well!

“IN CÆLO QUIES.”

HAVE hopes for ever fled
Once fondly cherish'd ?
Are tears of anguish shed
O'er feeling perish'd ?
This truth alone can cheer
The heart by sorrow riven,
And dry the burning tear :
There's rest in Heaven.

Those orbs that nightly burn,
Like beacons for the bless'd,
Making the bosom yearn
To fly and be at rest—
This message to impart
O they were surely given,
To tell the aching heart :
There's rest in Heaven.

O'er the forgotten tomb
The softest dews are shed,
And flowers will brightest bloom
Above the nameless dead;
Even the funeral toll,
That tells of friends beriven,
Whispers the troubled soul:
There's rest in Heaven.

The tempest's hollow moan,
The murmurs of the sea,
The thunder's solemn tone,
The echoes of the lea,
Say there is One can save
The pure and the forgiven:
There's quiet in the grave—
There's rest in Heaven.

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM

I WOULD not thou shouldst think of me,
When nature all is bright,
When every bower is filled with glee,
When every heart is light ;
But when the hollow tempest grieves
Along the naked lea,
And round thee fall the yellow leaves,
O then remember me.

I would not thou shouldst think of me,
When round the social hearth
Are met the friends beloved by thee
Above all friends of earth ;
But when each happy form has fled,
And thy home shall silent be,
Save the echoes of thy lonely tread,
O then remember me.

And, oh ! should sorrow ever cloud
Thy fair and sunny brow,
And thy young heart become the shroud
Of hopes that cheer thee now ;
Then, when at morn or silent even
The crowd you anxious flee,
To pour your gentle prayers to Heaven,
O then remember me.

THE REQUEST.

“Let me die with the deep and sublime emotions inspired by strength and beauty in ruins.”—WALTER COLTON.

O BEAR me where the wither'd flowers
Of autumn strew the ground,
And the rustling leaves of serried bowers
Wave mournfully around —
When the gentle shades of twilight veil
The chill and sombre sky;
And the night-wind breathes its mystic wail
O'er my couch, as it passes by:

For I would no pageantry of earth
Should greet my closing eye,
Or star that glitter'd o'er my birth,
When I am called to die;
But be the links that love hath cast
Around my soul unriven;
Without the memory of the past,
I scarce could wish for heaven.

Or let my wasted form recline
Midst the wreck of olden days,
Where the palm root or the cluster'd vine
O'er sculptured marble strays;
Within some lone and voiceless hall,
That dim with age appears,
Whose columns totter to their fall
Beneath a thousand years—

Where the dreamy Guadalquiver flows
By Moorish tower and dome,
Or the gray obelisk its shadow throws
O'er the crumbling fanes of Rome;
Where the bright Cephisus ripples on
O'er many a fallen shrine;
Where the pillars of the Parthenon
Are still indeed divine:

These may invoke the perish'd dreams
Entomb'd with brighter years,
Ere my cheek had felt in lava streams
The bitterness of tears!
And my soul would easier burst the chain
Of earth as it flits away,
Inspired by strength upon the wane,
And beauty in decay!

STANZAS.

THE rosy clouds of even,
The colors of the dawn,
Blush instant o'er the heaven —
We gaze, and they are gone ;
And yet the transient prospect
Will leave a thought behind,
That oft shall beam in retrospect
Refulgent o'er the mind.

And though love is from heaven,
Nor can on earth be stayed,
And hope is only given
To glitter and to fade,
Yet boyhood's dreams of gladness
Will never all depart,
But oft in hours of sadness,
They gleam upon the heart.

So bright, so pure the flowers
In summer greet our eyes,
We deem from heavenly bowers
Their perfumes and their dyes;
But dearer is the autumn one
We plucked with eager haste,
That blooms when all the rest are gone,
And smiles amidst the waste.

So when the hope of early years
No more our hearts illumine,
Ambition's fires are quench'd in tears,
And love is in the tomb—
Still there are other visions bright
That can our hearts beguile—
Religion's pure and holy light,
And friendship's cheering smile.

AN IMPROMPTU.

TO ———

O THOU art beautiful! Thine eye's dark glance
Stirs like the thrill by music given,
When the listener, wrapt in its golden trance,
Is dreaming delusions of hope and heaven.

Balmy and bright as the blush of spring,
Thy young lip would spurn an angel's vow;
And dark as the gloss of the raven's wing
Are the tresses that cluster thy moon-lit brow.

Could the Parian mould of the Cyprian queen,
Like Pygmalion's ivory statue, grow warm,
And step from her pedestal forth, I ween
Thou wouldst rival the charms of her faultless
form.

Yet the votaries of love need have no alarms,

Tho' their idol at length has been rival'd by you ;

For tho' thou hast more than her sculptured charms,

Thou hast all of her marble coldness too.

I DO NOT KNOW THEE.

I do not know thee, gentle one ;
But they tell me thou art fair,
With a brow as pure as Parian stone,
And clouds of sunny hair.

Teeth that would rival orient pearl,
And lips the coral mine,
An eye like a dewy star, fair girl,
And a Psyche's form, are thine.

They say thy voice is like the tone
Of zephyrs stealing o'er
Æolian harp-strings, placed alone
In some Arcadian bower.

With a step elastic as a bird
Upon a yielding bough—

So bright, so beautiful, I've heard,
Dear unknown one, art thou.

And oh, they say, that while thy form
Is the home of every grace,
That mind is breathing bright and warm,
Like music, from thy face.

And better far than this—than all—
They say thy heart is given
To Him who perish'd to recall
The bright, the pure, to heaven.

I do not know thee, gentle one;
But if this all should be,
Whene'er you kneel at Mercy's throne,
O breathe one prayer for me;

And I will hope there is a clime,
Where thou wilt be a radiant thing—
A being of the sky,
With a halo on thy rustling wing,
And a love-spell in thine eye.

Till then adieu! 'Tis fate's decree,
And I may not control—

That wills dear woman's smile to me
What the sun is to the pole.

My name—yes, I will trace it here,
Like a line upon a tomb
Where sweet and glowing flowers appear,
O'er the mouldering urn of gloom.

TO A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

O HAST thou drank of the orient breeze
Where fair Cytheria smiles,
Or stray'd where the lime and orange trees
O'ershadow Hesperian Isles?
Hast thou dwelt in the distant Eden bowers
Of Araby the bless'd,
Or lain with the white magnolia flowers
In the groves of the virgin west?

Has the breath of the spicy Carribee,
Thy delicate web unroll'd,
Where the wavelets of the tropic sea
Melt over their sands of gold,
Where nightly his fair Sultana hears
The song of her dear Bulbul?
Hast thou treasured up like saintly tears
The drops of attergul.

O would that thou hadst power to speak,
Hadst mind by which to know
What brings this moisture to my cheek,
This palor o'er my brow ;
For O thou comest not oppress'd
With the sweets of each foreign land,
Thy envy'd folds were only pressed
By a fair and snowy hand.

Yet thou hast the scent of the blushing rose,
The emblem of woman's love,
More precious than the signal chose
By the lone returning dove !
How I should like to question thee
Of her warm and fragrant sighs,
Of her silken tresses loose and free,
Of the glance of her sunny eyes ;

Of her foot as fair as the lotus' flower
From its silken veil withdrawn,
Kissing the enamour'd chamber floor
Like a ray of the early dawn ;
Of the sculptured pose of her queenly form
When the senseless couch she pressed ;
Of her half-closed lips with incense warm,
Of the heave of her sinless breast.

For thou perchance hast lain all night
In the heaven of her room,
And therefore art thou snowy white
And rife with rose perfume ;
At least thou art a sacred thing,
All senseless tho' thou art,
And I'll lay thee as an offering
On my faint and stricken heart.

TO ———

It seems to me that I have heard
Thy gentle voice in other years,
And drank the music of each word
As tones from the celestial spheres;
It seems to me that I have seen
Thy queenly form, thy brow of snow,
In flowery lands, midst arbors green,
By dewy starlight, long ago.

That we have met in fragrant groves
And wander'd by the moon-lit sea,
Where soft the perfumed zephyr roves,
Far o'er the sunny Carribee;
That I have watch'd thy timid feet
On many a flower-enamel'd slope,
Like notes in music moving sweet,
And graceful as the antelope.

It seems to me that I have gazed
 Into those blessed eyes of thine
Until the light that in them blazed
 Has brought the tears of joy to mine;
That I have held thy fairy hand,
 And felt thy breath upon my cheek,
And from thy lips the kisses bland
 Till mine had lost the power to speak.

Ah! I did never hope to meet
 The image that so radiant seem'd,
But thou art even far more sweet
 Than she of whom I only dream'd;
And now the blessed night shall bring
 No future dreams of joy to me,
My heart to dark despair must cling,
 My bright ideal's found in thee.

O, would that I had ne'er awoke
 Till in that better land above
Thy beauty o'er my spirit broke,
 Where it is not a sin to love;
For now, alas, till life's last hour
 My captive heart must own the chain,
And sadden o'er the fatal power
 From which it strives to break in vain!

TO ISA.

DEAR ISA, I have often dream'd
Of beings young and fair like thee,
But in my sleep they ever seem'd
Too fair for waking eyes to see.

Thus when I press'd your gentle hand,
My spirit felt the sky had given
One of its pure celestial band
I only hoped to meet in heaven.

'Tis well for me this aching heart
Has known so many years of pain ;
Since we were doom'd so soon to part,
Perchance to never meet again.

For of your voice the joyous thrill—
The childish ringlets softly curl'd
O'er thy young brow—they haunt me still,
Like glimpses of the spirit world.

The glance that fell from thy dark eyes
In my lone bosom lingers on,
Like tints that deck the mournful skies,
When daylight's blessed source is gone.

Farewell, dear one! Where'er I stray,
Whate'er my varied fortunes are,
Through life, and with its parting ray,
Thy name shall mingle with my prayer.

LINES:

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE "ILLUMINATED BALLADS
OF SHAKSPEARE," AND PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR
TO MRS. ———

LADY, I know how thou dost prize
Each bright and lovely thing
That trembles in the dewy skies,
Or blushes o'er the spring.

I know there's not a wavelet's crest,
A perfume on the air,
But wakes within thy gentle breast
The eloquence of prayer.

That in each floral solitude
Thy fairy foot hath trod,
In every blossom thou hast view'd
A messenger from God.

To thee the voice of early birds,
The breath of twilight dim,
Are but so many mystic words
Of thankfulness to Him.

I know that music's melting tone,
The poet's sounding lays,
Are only valued when they own
The language of His praise ;

That earthly empire and renown,
In vain to thee were given,
For thou 'st a far more radiant crown
Laid up for thee in heaven.

And yet I know thou 'lt not refuse
These little shining flowers,
Cull'd by the lofty tragic muse
In fancy's fadeless bowers.

They're offered by affection's soul
At friendship's holy shrine —
They're pure and bright and beautiful,
And therefore should be thine.

FANNIE LEMOINE.

O FANNIE LEMOINE, tho' the struggle is o'er
That I felt when I knew I should see thee no more,
Yet thine image has made in my bosom a shrine
Where thou dwellest for ever, dear Fannie Lemoine.
Thy cheek is as fair as the hue of the rose,
Or the last cloud that pillows the evening's repose;
Thine eye is like that of the airy gazelle,
And thy step like his step in the flowery dell.

More lovely than hyacinths clusters thy hair
O'er a brow like magnolia buds, sunny and fair;
Thy hand is a moon-beam — I cannot control
The arrows of love it has shot through my soul;
Like the spell of the summer bow after the storm,
Is the charm of thy mind — is the grace of thy form;
Like notes in soft music, where wavelets are clear,
Are the ravishing tones of thy voice to my ear.

Like a mine of rich pearls is thy delicate mouth,
And thy breath as the spice-laden gales of the south.
At thy presence my bosom has trembled with fears:
Has been wrapt into joy—has been melted to tears:
Tho' I knew in despair that thou couldst not be mine,
Yet I worship'd thine image as something divine,
For I felt thy endearing perfections were given
As a type and a pledge of the beauty in heaven.

Give the poet his wreath, give the lawyer his fee,
Give the sailor his ship on the dark-rolling sea,
Give the sage all the planets that glitter on high,
But give me to dream of my love till I die.
Give the warrior his steed, give the monarch his
throne,

With a sceptre acknowledged in every zone,
Give the statesman his glory, give the miser his coin,
But leave me the memory of FANNIE LEMOINE.

THE DEW DROP.

FAR distant from its native wood,
When summer months had flown,
A stricken flower of autumn stood
Uncultured and unknown;
Each blossom that it knew in spring,
Each kindred of the lawn,
With all their hues, were perishing,
Or were for ever gone.

The blaze that ripens the harvest sheaves
Had wither'd all around,
And e'en the sparse and faded leaves
Were scatter'd on the ground;
Yet o'er the ruin calmly bow'd
That blighted lonely stem,
And waited for the winter shroud
To lay it low with them.

A spirit of the night drew near
Where that wild flowret grew,
And gave it, like a saintly tear,
One radiant drop of dew;
It linger'd there till early morn
Shone through that silent bower,
And then with hues in Eden born,
Flash'd o'er the dying flower.

But scarce it felt the new delight
Beneath the rising day,
Ere the fairy gift of melting night
Vanish'd in air away;
Touch'd by the shade that moment cast
Upon its inmost core,
It yielded to the chilling blast,
And rose from earth no more.

Thus, lady, thy Promethean smile
O'er my drooping spirit stole;
Thus did thy radiant glance beguile
The darkness of my soul,
Till I forgot my cheek had known
The trace of hopeless tears
That sorrow o'er my brow had strewn,
What should have come with years.

O it was rapture e'en to meet
That Psyche form of thine,
And bow me at thy woman's feet
As at some holy shrine,
To hear thy gentle voice, to drink
The glory from thine eyes,
As molten sunbeams from the brink
Of fragrant summer skies.

But swiftly as the morning's ray
Absorbs the diamond dew,
Or childhood's gilded dreams decay,
Those halcyon moments flew,
And left all cold and withering
The passion — flowers they gave :
Ah ! will they freshen in the Spring
That blooms beyond the grave.

TO ALTHEA:

ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A FLOWER COMMONLY
CALLED THE "FORGET ME NOT."

"FORGET ME NOT!" as soon the sun
At morning shall forget to rise,
The streams forget their course to run,
The moon forget the starry skies;
As soon the flowers forget to blow,
The magnet shall forget the pole,
The hills forget the summer's glow,
The ocean waves forget to roll.

"Forget me not!" O it were well,
Thou gentle one, perchance for me,
If I could break the pleasing spell
That binds my every thought to thee;
'Twere well if from my aching heart
The memory of thy smiles would flee,
As sun-tints from the sky depart,
As ripples from the halcyon sea.

For while my breast with anxious art,
Has treasured every look of thine,
How can I hope thy gentle heart
Will e'er retain one thought of mine;
Too long, alas! the seat of gloom,
Of silent pain and wasting care!
I scarce could wish thy girlish bloom
Its dark and lonely thoughts to share.

And yet this little purple flower
Is far more welcome to my eyes,
More priceless than the richest dower
That fortune's favored minions prize;
And O if but one earnest prayer
Were granted to my humble lot,
I'd send thee one as fresh and fair,
To say to thee "forget me not!"

I'd have from art its beauteous mold
With every costly gem arrayed;
The stem should be of virgin gold,
The leaves of rarest emerald made,
That it might hail thy sunny gaze
Through life, in hours of gloom or glee,
And tell thee with its fadeless blaze
"Forget me not," eternally.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

O LADY, should a thought of mine,
Upon this gentle page appear,
'Twould only mar the spell divine
That should for ever linger here.
For if in love I touch the lyre,
Its numbers all discordant flow—
What other themes may still inspire,
That chord was broken long ago.

And friendship is too cold a name
To mark the poet's brief address
To one who in the ranks of fame
He must remember but to bless.
No, as the thoughtful wanderer's hand,
To mark some spot where he has been,
And knows that happier forms will stand,
And gaze upon that lovely scene,

So here my sadden'd soul will trace,
And then in sorrow turn away,
And leave this lovely resting-place
To fairer forms and hearts more gay.

TO LITTLE JULIA L——

MY dearest Julia, tho' we part,
And may not meet again,
The blessings of my inmost heart
Around thee shall remain,
And ever in my care-worn breast,
Thy bright and sunny form
In its childish loveliness shall rest,
Like the rainbow on the storm.

I ne'er shall mark the opening flowers,
Or list the birdling's song;
But memories of those vanished hours
Around my heart shall throng;
And tears will gather on my cheek,
And fall as they do now,
When my restless glances vainly seek
Thy careless infant brow.

When no more thy little pattering feet
To my loneliness draw near,
And vainly for thy accents sweet
I strain my listening ear ;
When days and tardy weeks shall fly,
And months shall hurry on,
And still my aching breast shall sigh :
My darling one is gone.

I've many a little shining leaf,
And flowret fair to see ;
Ah, will it soothe my anxious grief
To know they were from thee ?
How often shall I turn to them
In the lapse of coming years,
View each one as a priceless gem,
And dew them with my tears.

Thou camest with the early flowers,
As sweet and fair as they,
And now the cruel autumn hours
Are calling thee away.
I know the gentle breath of spring
Will soon restore their charms ;
But oh ! what spell again shall bring,
Thy beauty to my arms.

Farewell thou bud of priceless worth!
Ere thy glory shall unfold,
This form within the silent earth
May moulder low and cold;
The sods may swell above my breast,
The gloomy cypress wave,
And many a careless step be press'd
Upon my nameless grave!

At least I shall escape the pain
Of love's enduring thrall
Thy woman's loveliness shall chain
Upon the hearts of all;
For, that thy little angel face,
Thy angel form, shall be
In future years the mould of grace,
Is my hope—my prophecy.

SONG.

O God! how lone, how dark a thing
The soul revenge hath fled;
Where hope lies wasted, withering,
O'er passions cold and dead!
What I have been I am not now —
There's iron in my heart—
A pang within this throbbing brow
That will not all depart.

There's leaves upon the forest trees,
And birds within their bowers;
There's fragrance in the swelling breeze,
And dew upon the flowers.
There's beauty in the morning light
And evening's soft decline;
But oh! there is a starless night
O'er this cold heart of mine.

There's rapture in the boundless sky,
And ocean's azure swell,
When gentle Iris paints on high
Her gold and crimson spell.
In freedom from the mountain's hight
The gushing waters leap,
Like dreams, into the rayless night
That 'neath their thunders sleep.

Young Spring, with her unbound tresses,
And bright and flowing robe,
In bridal pomp caresses
The green and smiling globe.
She's throned upon the mountains,
But she may not control
The spirit's icy fountains —
The Winter of the soul.

Nor yield one hour of childish glee,
Such as the heart hath known,
Ere it was darkly doom'd to be
So wither'd and so lone :
For distance, time, and death have riven
The hearth, the household chain ;
And it is not in earth and heaven
To bind its links again.

FAREWELL.

TO———

FAREWELL! farewell! The waves beneath me foam,
The steam is up, the signal flag unfurl'd;
'Tis something left, to have the power to roam
When the soul's ark is wreck'd upon the world.

Soon shall I flit along the pictured shore,
And mark each scene of beauty as we glide,
But not with feelings I have known of yore,
When thou and love were standing by my side.

The Sire of Waters I shall soon behold,
'Twill soothe to see his eddies boil and flow;
But tho' his waves o'er half the world are roll'd,
He reaches not so far as I must go!

Light bounds our bark, impatient to be gone,
And curls her vapor breath into the sky;
A moment more and she will hurry on,
As clouds that speed with tempest wings on high.

Brief days shall pass o'er ere her homeward prow
Again these waves unweariedly shall spurn;
But ye, fair shores, I hail so fondly now,
When shall my footsteps to your shades return.

Ask the torn branch upon this current driven —
Ask the frail leaf upon the winter wind —
Ask the lone bird that wings a frowning heaven —
In these, alas! ye shall an answer find.

Farewell! farewell! 'tis time I should depart
From scenes where we perchance should meet
again;
And thou shouldst prove the weakness of a heart,
To which thou canst not be what thou hast been!

To meet thy glance as if we ne'er had met —
To coldly gaze upon thy worship'd brow —
This, this were pain beyond the wild regret
That rankles in this aching bosom now.

Farewell! farewell! the waves beneath me foam,
The steam is up, the signal flag unfurl'd;
'Tis something left to have the power to roam,
When the soul's ark is wreck'd upon the world.

MORNING AT THE FALLS.

'Tis morning, and the vapors white
Towering on high, reflect the light
Back in a flood of glittering gems,
 As if the genii of the air
Their baldricks and their diadems
 In hecatombs were offering there ;
'Tis morning, and the foliage green,
O'er that gulf is deck'd with silver sheen ;
A pearly shower as softly lies,
 As bright, as sweetly there reposes,
As ever fell from summer skies
 Upon an orient vale of roses.

The cedar twining o'er the rock
As if 'twere conscious of the shock ;
The earthquake of that ocean tide,
 That, pouring, rushing evermore,

Like rolling avalanches glide
And foam along the shore,
Bears on the emerald crown it wears,
Gems brighter than have ever lain
Upon the young and tender leaves
Where softly fell the gentle rain ;
When Flora's lovely censers fling
Their incense o'er the shrine of spring.

It is indeed a fearful thing,
A moment we shall ne'er forget,
To stand where e'en the eagle's wing
Has never dared to venture yet ;
To mark the volumed vapor white
Roll up as from a mighty altar,
And feel upon that dizzy height
The eternal rock beneath us falter,
While thousand rainbows fade and flash
O'er the crush'd waters as they flow,
And from our very footsteps crash
In mist and thunder far below,
To know that till the Almighty hand
Shall "roll together as a scroll"
The utmost verge of sea and land,
That mighty stream shall foam and fall ;

That when our puny frames forgot
In death shall sleep full many a year,
Then other eyes shall hail this spot
And gaze as we are gazing here.

I REMEMBER THEE YET.

I REMEMBER thee yet—I remember the hour
When my bosom first knew thy omnipotent power ;
When all light and all loveliness first I beheld,
And worship'd thy form as a creature of eld.
I remember thee yet—I remember each grace,
The music, the heaven of thy form, and thy face :
Thy forehead of snow, and thy tresses of jet,
And thy glance of endearment, I cannot forget.
I remember thee yet, in the madness of grief,
For which life has no charm, and the grave no relief,
The place where we parted, the scenes where we met,
How often, how lonely, I visit them yet.
At the tomb or the altar, the bower or the hearth,
In silence or revel, in mourning or mirth ;
In moments of glee, or in hours of regret,
There's a pang in my breast—I remember thee yet.

I remember thee yet—I remember with tears,
Thro' the shadow of death and the winter of years;
Though the last star of hope at our parting had set,
Thro' the night of despair—I remember thee yet.
And oft o'er my heart will that memory arise,
Like a desolate star o'er the storm-shrouded skies;
Like a flower in the desert—a bird o'er the sea,
Mid the waste of my soul, is the memory of thee.

A PICTURE.

It was no dream, I did not sleep,
Altho' it was the hour of rest—
Slumber is not for eyes that weep,
Nor visions for a troubled breast—
And I had vainly sought repose,
Which, like the smile that friendship wears,
Will gild the cup when pleasure flows,
But turns to poison in our cares.

The stars were glittering pure and bright,
The sky cerulean and serene,
And forth the lovely queen of night,
Roll'd in her robes of silver sheen ;
In sooth it was a lovely hour,
So calm, so lonely, and so sweet,
Each dewy herb and moon-lit flower
Invited forth my wayward feet.

And I have never gazed unmoved
Upon the humblest flower that blows —
The sea, the earth, the sky I've loved,
Alone have power to soothe my woes —
So out I stray'd to seek that spell
Philosophy could not impart;
It seem'd in every thing to dwell,
Save in my sear and blighted heart.

I know not why my steps were turn'd
To the lone dwellings of the dead,
Unless it was I inly burn'd
With them to rest my aching head;
And ere my mind could be aware,
I stood in silence and alone,
Amidst those quiet couches, where
Slumber's a dreamless care unknown.

I wander'd where some ancient trees
In moonlight steep'd full many a bough,
And felt the evening's dewy breeze
Pass grateful o'er my fever'd brow —
'Tis true, my pulse beat high and fast,
Yet o'er my heart no hectic gleam
Of wild delusive fancy past,
I knew and know it was no dream.

A form appeared—I held my breath—

It past me with a fairy step,

To where within the arms of death

Love's mortal manes in silence slept!

She knelt, and o'er her neck of snow

Her unbound hair in ringlets curl'd,

And beam'd upon her angel brow

A light that was not of this world.

And words she breathed so wildly there,

I felt my inmost heart was riven,

To hear such eloquence of prayer

From lips that seem'd themselves from heaven!

O, woman's love, like those pure flowers

That linger 'midst autumnal gloom—

Like them 'twill cheer life's darkest hours,

And only wither o'er the tomb.

TO IMOGINE.

THY dreamy glance—thy lip of flame—
The raven ringlets softly curl'd
O'er thy fair brow, are still the same,
And surely still might charm the world.

Thy form of light—thy silken tread—
The music to thy accents given—
Those spells of passion still might shed,
That link our purest hopes with heaven.

Those peerless charms—thy power to win—
Have bound, still bind this aching heart;
But knowing what thou mightst have been,
I think, O God, of what thou art!

'Twere anguish to have seen the dye
Of roses on thy lips decay;
And from thy dark and Houri eye
The soul of passion fade away.

'Twere madness to have watch'd thy bed,
And seen thy form's immortal mould
Become a marble thing of dread,
And in thy shroud lie still and cold!

Yet even this I could have seen,
And calm beside the ruin knelt—
Whate'er my anguish might have been,
It could not be what I have felt!

As from the dimm'd and mourning sky
The lovely Pleiad pass'd in light away;
No more to glitter in the zenith high,
Or gem the evening's mantle gray:

So would thy all unrival'd form,
When love had wept thy early doom,
Pass from this dark world's latest storm
All spotless to thy peaceful tomb.

And I thro' life's remotest year
Had treasured, as a thing divine,
The memory of thy image dear,
Within my bosom's holiest shrine.

And oft, when night o'er land and wave
Had buried sight and sound in sleep,
My pilgrim steps had sought thy grave,
Alone, if not in prayer, to weep.

But now——nay let me not upbraid;
For thou art nothing more to me
Than if thy early tomb were made
Far down in the unmeasured sea.

FAREWELL TO THE LYRE.

ONE strain, my harp, and then farewell
For ever to thy sounding cords!
A sigh perchance this heart may swell,
Pain'd by our final parting words ;
This brow may own a shade of care,
This changing cheek my grief betray,
When on the passing breeze afar
I hear thy latest tones decay ;

For oh, I deem'd not when my touch
Of late upon thy strings was lain,
Thy tones beneath my wilder'd clutch
So soon should turn to throbs of pain —
That thou shouldst be as now thou art,
Companion of my early years,
Discordant as my breaking heart,
And wet with my descending tears.

Alas for pleasure's rosy hours !

Alas that time and grief and care,
So soon should teach these hearts of ours
How fleeting and how false they are !
The soft and fleecy clouds of night
That float around the silver moon,
The rainbow's arch of painted light,
Survive their most enduring boon.

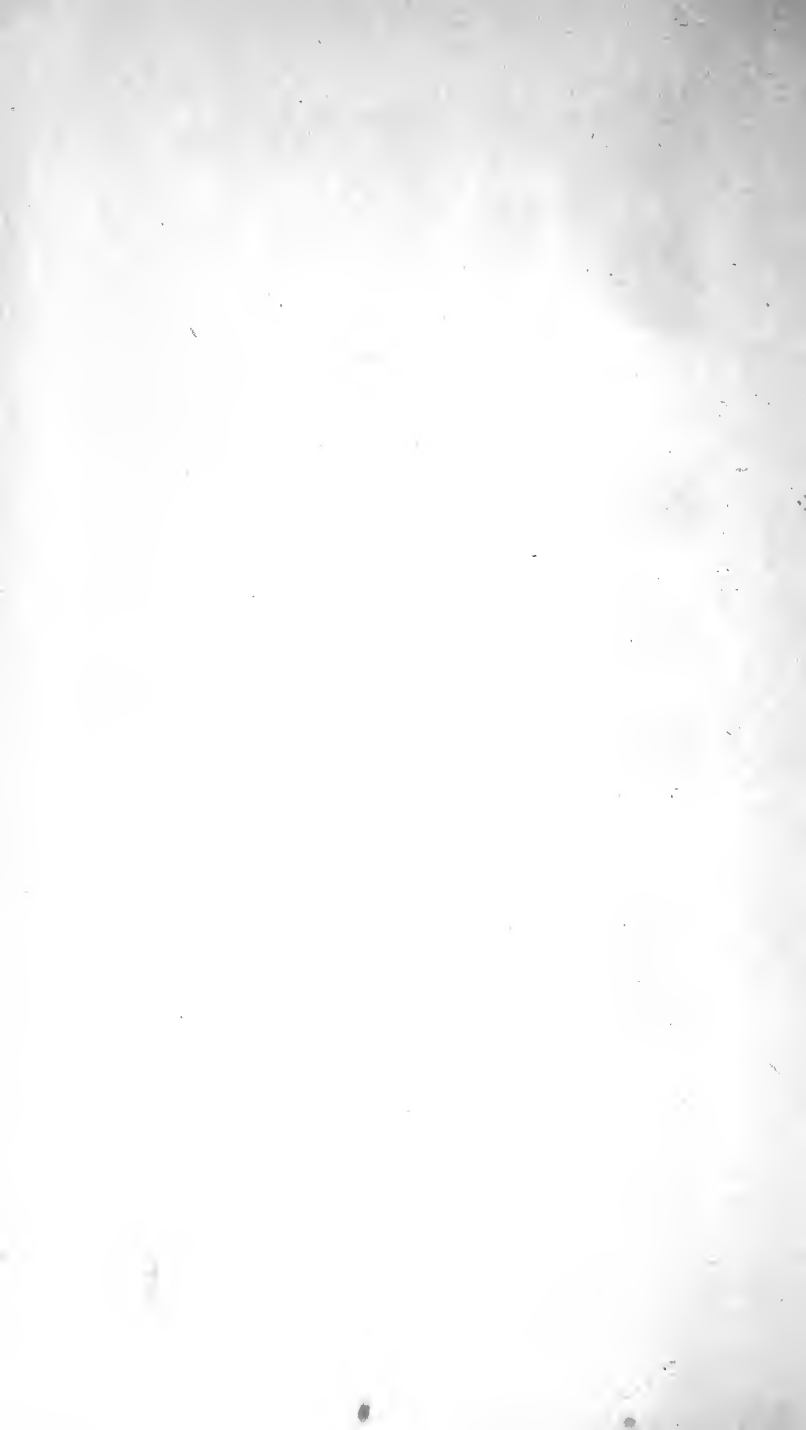
As insubstantial as the hue
Of shadows o'er a flowing stream,
The evanescent drops of dew,
The fleeting music of a dream :
And what the spell that can recall
One precious hour of joy that's fled ?
As soon beneath the sable pall
Ye may reanimate the dead.

But let that pass, it boots not now,
'Tis for the feeble to complain,
And manhood should in silence bow
To whatso'er the fates ordain,
Should bear him like the stately oak
That does in storms but stronger grow,
And e'en survive the lightning's stroke
That lays his lofty honors low.

What tho' the false delusive glare,
The phantom hopes of youth decline,
The strength that's yielded by despair,
The might of sorrow still is mine ;
And if thy wild untutor'd strain
Has made one bosom happier swell,
Thy cords were not invoked in vain—
My gentle harp, farewell, farewell !

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